California Dreamin': Pete Wilson's Wipe-Out

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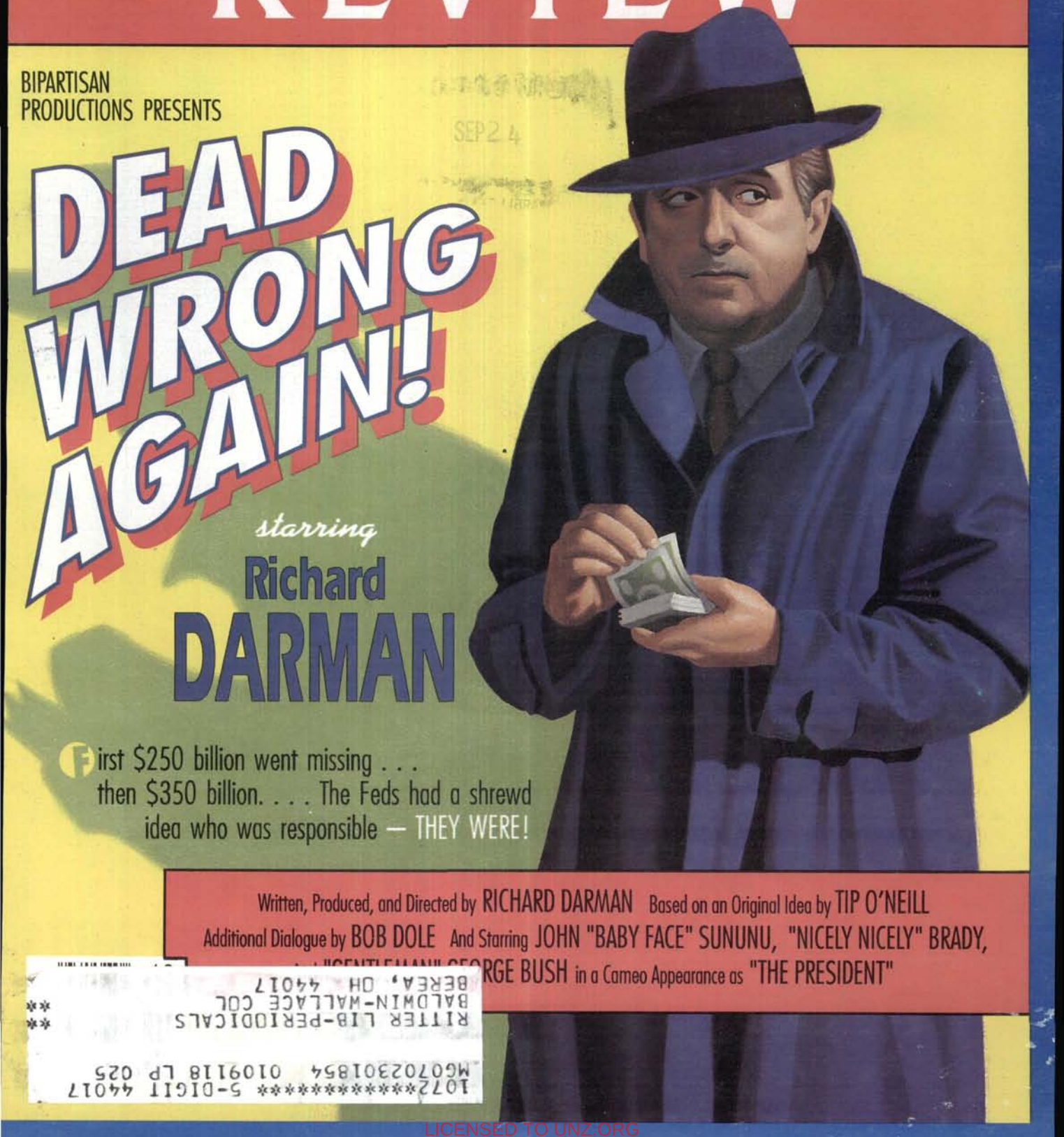
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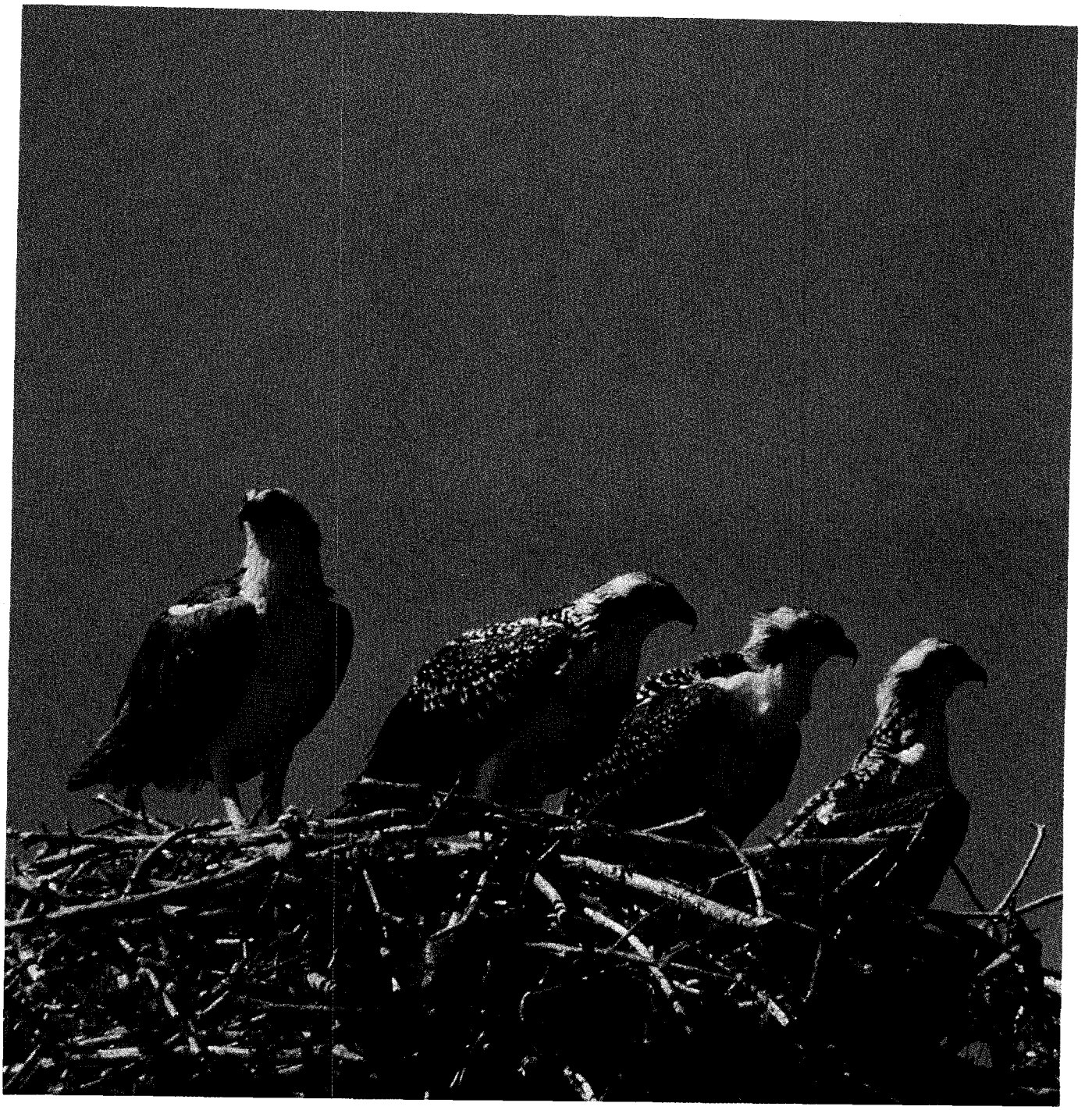

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NATIONAL REVIEW

OCTOBER 7, 1991 VOL. XLIII, NO. 18

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The Audit Bureau

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LETTERS

No Armistice

Many of the readers of NATIONAL REVIEW may have been as disturbed as I was to see in the last issue a full-page advertisement by the pro-legalization Drug Policy Foundation. As a senior editor, I have no say over the advertisements that appear in *NR*.

For the record, then, I would like to 1) dissociate myself from the Drug Policy Foundation ad and 2) make it clear that not everyone associated with NATIONAL REVIEW advocates drug legalization.

As the former director of the office of national drug-control policy, I visited over one hundred communities situated on the front line in the drug war. The people who have seen up close the devastating effects of drug use—residents of our inner cities, pediatric-ward attendants having to treat cocaine babies, social workers having to work with abused and neglected children, teachers who have seen what drugs do to the life of the mind—have no tolerance for the idea of drug legalization. In fact, they are the people who most often advocate more cops and tougher law enforcement. It seems that these days the only advocates for drug legalization one can find are those who have the luxury of commenting from a safe distance, untouched by the human cost of drug use.

The American people are overwhelmingly against drug legalization. They see it for what it is: an irresponsible, reckless, and morally obtuse policy. It is a particularly bad idea at a time when national intolerance of drug use is rapidly increasing and when almost every available piece of evidence suggests that we are making progress in the war on drugs.

The good news is that the drug-legalization argument is not taken seriously among the American people. While its advocates argue for surrender, the American people are getting on with the serious business of waging and winning the war on drugs.

William J. Bennett
Washington, D.C.

Rebuilding Russia

As a translator of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's *Rebuilding Russia*, excerpts of which appear in your issue of September 23, I must alert your readers to certain problems in the manner in which this material is presented in NATIONAL REVIEW, problems that leave the text open to misinterpretation.

Although an initial editorial note states that the essay was written before the coup, the selection of excerpts could easily be misread as relating to the dramatic events of August 1991. The most unfortunate examples concern a passage containing critical comments directed at "new leaders now coming to the fore" and one involving a defense of strong central authority. Deprived as they are of their proper mid-1990 context, these two passages might all too easily be linked to the personalities involved in the coup and its aftermath. In particular, an otherwise uninformed reader might be led to believe that Solzhenitsyn's expression of support for central authority reflects a measure of sympathy for the "save the Union" appeal issued by the coup leaders. Nothing could be further from the truth, as is made clear in the crucial first part of Solzhenitsyn's essay, which is, in what strikes me as a serious misjudgment, not represented by any excerpt in *NR*'s selection. In that section the author argues at length for the necessity of dissolving the unnatural political bonds that have held the various parts of the USSR together. By omitting any reference to this major aspect of Solzhenitsyn's message, *NR*'s text creates a misleading impression of the writer's actual perspective on the processes now taking place.

Beyond the question of selection, *NR*'s attempt to bring the 1990 text in line with post-coup realities has resulted in some ill-considered editorial intrusions. Thus when Solzhenitsyn writes that the Party is incapable of voluntarily giving up its privileges, the *NR* edition changes the verb to the past tense ("was incapable"), which creates a baffling contradiction with the editor's own prefatory note about the text having been, "of course, written before the coup." The same operation is performed on several other verb forms.

One other unfortunate editorial lapse needs to be mentioned. In the passage where Solzhenitsyn refers to the brief existence of Russia's Constituent Assembly, the *NR* text has injected an entirely spurious explanatory phrase, setting the Assembly "in February 1917." In point of fact, the Assembly met for one day in January 1918 before being forcibly dispersed by armed Bolshevik sailors. The *NR* addition thus makes it appear that Solzhenitsyn has committed a glaring error in dating one of the pivotal events of twentieth-century Russian history.

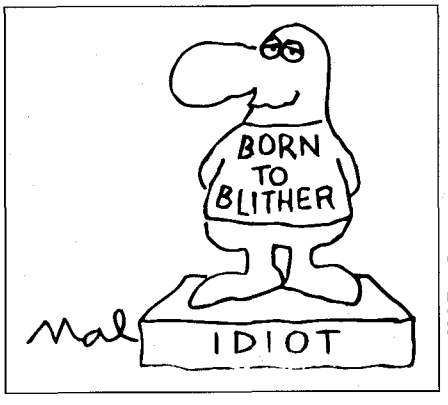
I am grieved that *NR* has not treated Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's seminal text with the care and professionalism with which it has handled the Russian author's work in the past.

Alexis Klimoff
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

We are happy to point out that the original text of Rebuilding Russia *was written in July 1990, published unabridged two months later in two newspapers,* Komsomolskaya Pravda *and* Literaturnaya Gazeta, *with a combined circulation of 27 million, and subsequently published as a book in French, German, Italian, Japanese, etc., translations. It could not therefore have been a comment on the recent coup or its aftermath.*

But given the determination of critics like Shlomo Avineri to paint Solzhenitsyn as an anti-democratic authoritarian, against all the evidence (see our editorial comment in "The Week"), we understand Professor Klimoff's anxiety that a selection of excerpts could be misinterpreted in that way.

It was, of course, to ward off even the possibility of such a misunderstanding that we amended six verb tenses and added to the agreed publisher's copyright information the clear statement that Rebuilding Russia *had been written before the coup. We regret that owing to circumstances beyond* NATIONAL REVIEW*'s control, these proposed changes were not forwarded to him in time to affect publication, and we apologize to him and to Mr. Solzhenitsyn for the error that thereby crept into the article.* —ED.



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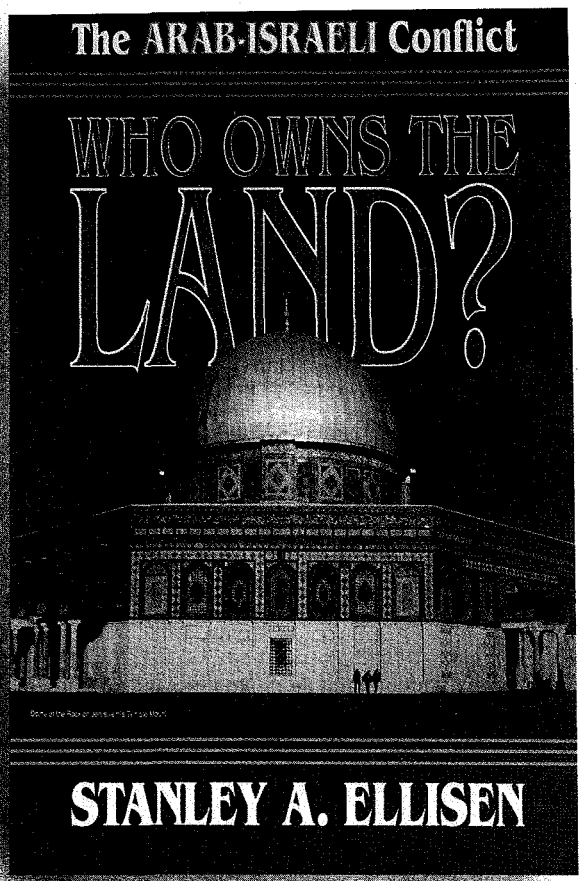
The Question Remains



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FROM THE EDITOR

Paleo-Manifest-Destinarianism

■ A British editor telephoned me last week and asked for an article on the wave of isolationism sweeping America. A wave of isolationism? I looked nervously out of the window. No, New York was almost tranquil.

But Europeans have been told that the American people are History's couch potatoes and venture abroad only under pressure of some vast metaphysical necessity like the cold war. It is not so.

America's first period of isolationism, roughly from the Treaty of Paris (1783) to the conquest of the Philippines (1898), was in reality a continuous expansion which included invading Canada and annexing California. What we call isolationism in this period was a prudent foreign policy of deterring potential European aggressors in the rear while Manifest Destiny was proceeding in the front. It was the opposite of staying home.

Its second period lasted from, say, 1912 to Pearl Harbor. As well as ending with participation in the Second World War, it was interrupted by involvement in the first and must therefore be regarded as a very imperfect realization of the isolationist ideal.

Again, the term is a misleading description of two forces. The first was a rational desire not to go to war without good reason—a desire exaggerated in 1930s America as in appeasement-minded Britain by both the carnage of 1914–18 and the revisionist interpretation of it as futile and senseless.

The second such force was the desire of German-Americans not to wage war against Germany and of Irish-Americans not to wage war alongside Britain. Naturally, they could not quite say that: hence they called themselves followers of George Washington hostile to entangling alliances.

The third period of isolationism lasted exactly nine months from the fall of the Berlin Wall to the Gulf War.

If Americans are not natural isolationists, what are they? Karlyn Keene, editor of *The American Enterprise*, offers the term "reluctant interventionists." But who isn't? Ask any voter in a consumer democracy if he favors intervening in some tropical hot-spot, and he will reject the idea.

At least in abstract. The test comes when a threat of some kind presents itself. And Americans have intervened to counter (non-cold-war) threats in places as various as Liberia, Libya, Panama, and Iraq *in the last five years alone.*

Why? U.S. traditions of foreign policy draw on two sources which have British origins and counterparts: Hamiltonian Tory *Realpolitik*, which aims to uphold international order, and the puritan conscience, which aims to set the world to rights.

Hence Anglo-American statesmen tend to come in three sorts: strategic realists (Disraeli, Teddy Roosevelt, Nixon), or crusading moralists (Gladstone, Woodrow Wilson, Carter), or a blend of the two (Lincoln, Churchill, FDR, Reagan, Thatcher).

But they all intervene. Indeed, the only isolationist presidential candidate in modern times was George McGovern, who lost by a record landslide in the middle of an unpopular war.

■ The inquiring mind never rests, and just lately I have been tuning in to New York's Spanish-language television channel—the last place in the U.S. where the old-fashioned idea of the glamor girl still holds the feminist censors at bay.

One of its regulars is a Mexican lady with a massive amount of red hair and, indeed, a massive amount of everything else, who belts out Spanish pop songs in a kind of divine shriek while gyrating non-aerobically.

It's disgraceful, of course, but that's okay because it's also an expression of the macho Latin attitude to sex, therefore multicultural, therefore exempt from criticism.

But what I'm really looking forward to is bullfights in Shea Stadium.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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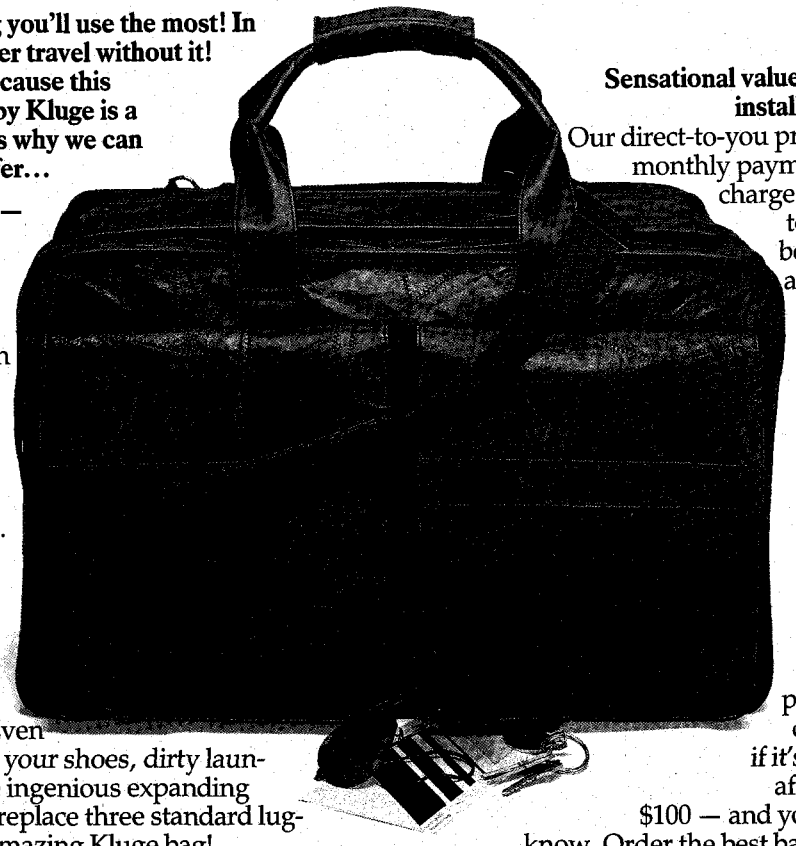

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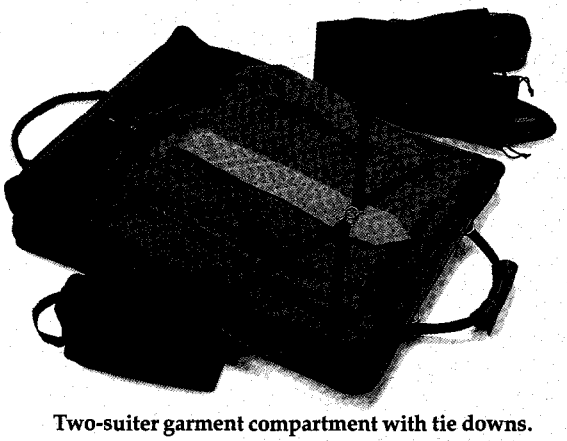

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Democratic hats finally in presidential ring. List of those announced: former Massachusetts Sen. **Paul Tsongas**, Virginia Gov. **Douglas Wilder**, and Iowa Sen. **Tom Harkin**. Soon to announce: former California Gov. **Jerry "Moonbeam" Brown**, Arkansas Gov. **Bill Clinton**, and Nebraska Sen. **Robert Kerrey**. *Newsweek* reports that at recent meeting of Congressional Black Caucus the star was Harkin, not Wilder. Harkin (a self-described "Humphrey liberal") impressed Caucus with a Great Society agenda. Bill Clinton fared well too, said one black official, but "no one will have a lock on" the black vote. . . . Former DNC chairman **John White** voiced concern over Democratic presidential candidates: "I'm worried that a party that cannot field a truly national candidate for President is in trouble." . . . Kerrey and Wilder are divorced from their wives; Brown is single. **Robert Holland** writes in *Richmond Times-Dispatch*: "A divorce is no big thing in politics nowadays, but [Wilder's wife] had complained of 'cruelty and reasonable apprehension of bodily harm.'" . . . Wilder claims not to have read allegations in *Playboy* by model **Tai Collins**, who said she had affair with Sen. **Chuck Robb**; Wilder only looked at the pictures. . . . Texas Sen. **Lloyd Bentsen** gave surest sign of not intending to run when he rejoined all-white, all-male Virginia country club. . . . *Human Events* reports on poll conducted by Democratic group **Greenberg–Lake** and GOP group **Tarrance & Assoc.** which asked whom voters trusted more to maintain strong national defense: **George Bush** 70, congressional Democrats 13; Republicans 64, Democrats 15. . . . Public Opinion Strategies conducted hypothetical congressional contests between Republicans who supported use of force in Gulf and Democrats who opposed it. GOPers won 57 to 24.

■ In Pennsylvania, where GOP has won last nine Senate races, former Attorney General **Dick Thornburgh** has big lead in polls over appointed incumbent **Harris Wofford** (D.) in special election to fill seat of late Sen. **John Heinz** (R.). . . . In Oregon, **John DeZell**, former aide to late Sen. **Richard Neuberger**, is challenging Sen. **Robert Packwood** (ACU: 31; ADA: 60) in 1992 GOP primary. DeZell points to Packwood's failure to support school-prayer amendment, MX-missile deployment, aid to Contras, among other items. . . . Vulnerable Colorado Dem. Sen. **Tim Wirth** (ACU: 0; ADA: 95) bucked opposition when Republican opponent, State Sen. **Terry Considine**, fell off horse and was put in body cast. . . . Senate Democrats concerned that Chuck Robb is neglecting fundraising duties as chairman of Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee. *U.S. News* reports Robb has only $60,000 in bank, compared to $3.6 million for GOP counterpart. . . . Republicans seem to have gotten the better of post-Census redistricting. In California, GOP stands to win five of the seven new seats; in Georgia, Dems' attempt to eliminate seat of **Newt Gingrich** produced two solidly GOP seats, one of which Gingrich can win. . . . Republicans concerned about campaign leadership are pondering fact, reported by ABC's **Cokie Roberts**, that "If Republicans had only held their own [House] seats since 1980 and won the few they've won since, they would be the majority party."

"Remember the days when 'SAT' meant 'Spend and Tax'?"

■ Moscow announced end of subsidies to **Fidel Castro**'s Cuba. European leaders equally unsupportive. Portuguese President **Mario Soares** calls Castro "a dinosaur [belonging to] a very respected race on the way to extinction." . . . At the Ibero-American Summit in Guadalajara last month, Spanish Prime Minister **Felipe González**, a Socialist, suggested, in an apparent slap at Castro, that it was time to "relegate the exploits of guerrillas to the imagination of novelists" and let "the parliaments of the people" write their own history. . . . West Germany has agreed to write off two-thirds of estimated $700-million debt owed by **Violeta Chamorro**'s post-Sandinista Nicaragua. Most of loan had been made by the former Communist German Democratic Republic.

■ Fighting the Good Fight: **Leo Cherne**, retiring as chairman of the International Rescue Committee after some fifty years of service, will be succeeded by former Under Secretary of State **John Whitehead**. **Peter Drucker** is heading group that plans to raise $1 million for the newly established Leo Cherne Emergency Refugee Fund. . . . **Phyllis Schlafly**, chairman of Republican National Coalition for Life, has enlisted hundreds of GOP officeholders, ten United States senators, and 35 congressmen in a crusade to preserve right-to-life plank in next year's Republican platform. She opposes a pro-choice Republican committee headed by **Ann Stone** (wife of **Roger Stone**) and former **John Anderson** campaign chairman **Mary Crisp**, who are campaigning to have the plank expunged, or at least whittled down.

■ Rep. **Barney Frank** (D., Mass.) on independent Rep. **Bernie Sanders**: "I think he has unduly denigrated [Congress] and a lot of its members. It does not help leftist causes to make people think government is full of poltroons and charlatans."

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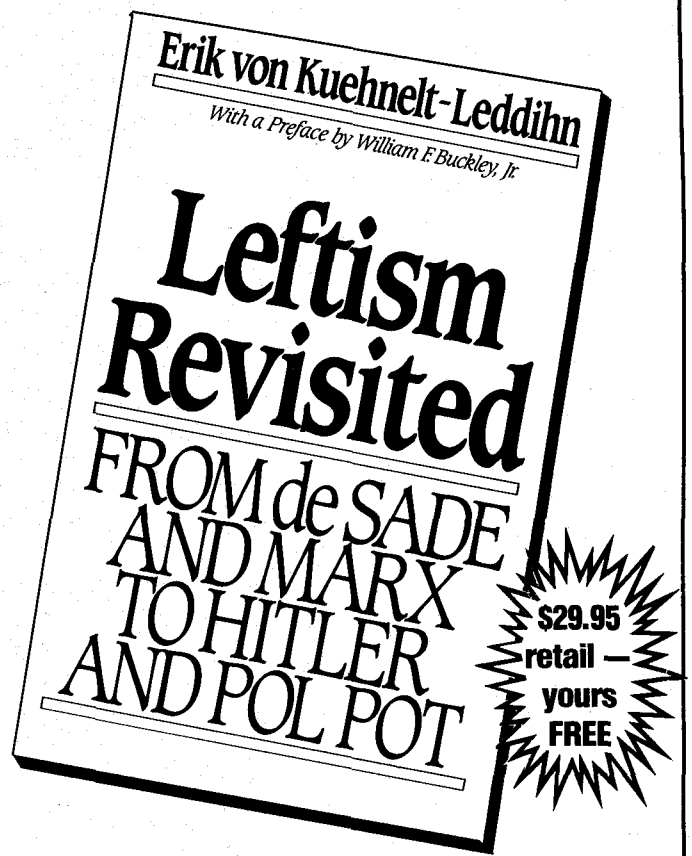
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THE WEEK

■ Tsongas, Wilder, Harkin—phooey. The Democrats should nominate Senator Chuck Robb of Virginia, whose surname compresses their entire program into a single syllable.

■ Robert Gates's nomination to be Director of Central Intelligence faces two challenges. The first is the ever-lengthening Iran–Contra investigation. What interests the conspiracy buffs is no longer who did what, but who knew about it. Of course, the notion that the entire CIA, including Gates, was clued into the covert Contra supply operation undermines the conspiracy theorists' image of Oliver North and/or Bill Casey as megalomaniacal cowboys. But who ever let contradictions get in the way of a little fun? The more serious challenge concerns Gates's ability to interpret unfolding events in the Soviet Union. Gates, who is a Soviet specialist, warned that Gorbachev was not the Jeffersonian that his Western adulators made him out to be, but a Communist dedicated to salvaging his system—an assessment amply confirmed by Gorbachev's behavior before and immediately after the coup. But since so many of Gates's tormentors made the wrong assessment, being right might be a disadvantage.

■ Like millions of other Americans, Robert McFarlane tuned in to Oliver North's absorbing testimony before the U.S. Congress on the Iran–Contra affair. Now, Special Prosecutor Lawrence Walsh is furious that McFarlane, the former National Security Advisor, has acknowledged that his testimony at North's criminal trial was "colored" by watching North's testimony. As a result, the remaining undismissed charges against North have been dropped. Walsh and his assistants are now threatening McFarlane with various forms of legal retribution for his admission. Maybe another Special Prosecutor should be appointed to investigate the current Special Prosecutor for attempted subornation of perjury.

■ Jim Baker tacitly endorsed moral equivalence by agreeing in Moscow that the U.S. and USSR would both cut off weapons to Afghanistan—each superpower abandoning its client. The difference is that the current Afghan government was installed by an invasion as criminal as Saddam Hussein's invasion of Kuwait; the *mujahedin* have merely resisted that government, which has attacked its own people so relentlessly as to produce more than half the world's refugees over the past 12 years. The joint call for free elections continues the error, for it lets the Communists shelter their misdeeds under an apparent democratic legitimacy (*viz* the ongoing tragedy in Nicaragua: mass murders of former freedom-fighters, legal looting by Communists). With the Soviets desperate to please the U.S., there was no diplomatic barrier to a better deal. Except, perhaps, Mr. Baker's inability to refuse a deal.

■ Just when it seemed there was no more irresponsible legislative body than the U.S. Congress, the Philippine Senate came along to surprise us. Against the wishes of President Aquino, it voted 12 to 11 against a new ten-year lease for Subic Naval Station and, by extension, a continuation of the American presence. The American position has long been that we will leave countries where we are not wanted; a threat all the more plausible now that the collapse of the Evil Empire leaves the Philippines with a depreciating asset. Right now the Aquino administration is frantically trying to reverse the Senate decision through a referendum (sure to pass in this overwhelmingly pro-American country). While the Bush Administration is open to that possibility, it rightly rules out renegotiating the terms. This may prove to be Bush's air-traffic controllers' strike. If it comes to that, we say: Yankee, come home.

■ Erich Honecker, 79, the former president of the former East Germany, is in a bit of a pickle. Hoping to escape trial for issuing shoot-to-kill orders to guards at the Berlin Wall, he fled in March to Moscow. Ooops. Now that Boris Yeltsin says he sup-

"I KNOW IT'S CONFUSING, SIMMONS, BUT WE CAN'T REPLACE 'U.S.S.R.' WITH 'YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE'!..."

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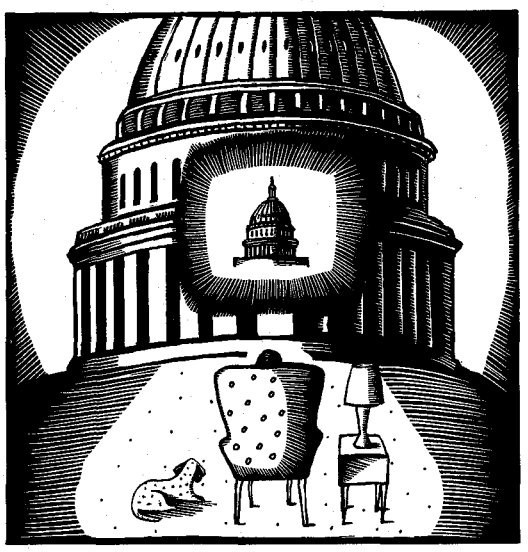

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ports Germany's extradition request, Honecker wants to seek asylum in China, where he would at least be on the right side of the generation gap.

■ And just where, Shlomo Avineri demands to know, is Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn? Does his failure to comment on recent events not betray an "uneasiness" with democracy and the free market—"ideas as anathema to him as Communism"? If not, "speak up," Mr. Avineri urges in a *New York Times* op-ed piece, lest silence confirm such suspicions. For reassurance, however, Mr. Avineri need only have picked up Solzhenitsyn's essay *Rebuilding Russia*, published in the Soviet Union last year and in many other countries since, and excerpted in our last issue, where Solzhenitsyn writes plainly enough: "These critical comments about contemporary democracy are not meant to suggest that the future Russian Union will have no need of democracy. *It will need it very much.*" A period of silence from Mr. Avineri would now be welcome.

■ In yet another sign of the times, the voters of Sweden have unseated the Social Democrats, the ruling party for most of the last sixty years. High taxes and hydra-headed bureaucracy finally got to be just too much even for the Swedes. American liberals had long hailed Sweden as "the Middle Way"—a sensible compromise between the extremes of capitalism and Communism. But as one of those poles collapses, seeking a Golden Mean between them is like seeking to combine the best features of equality before the law and Nazism. And so 1991 continues to be a bad year for modern political mythologies.

■ All of a sudden, independence has presented the government of Lithuania with a legal and moral conundrum. In overturning convictions handed down by Soviet courts, Lithuania apparently let a handful of genocidal criminals (Nazis, in this case) off the hook. In moving toward normality after a half century of Communist and Nazi outrages, Lithuania and other nations will inevitably make such mistakes. Its government, however, promises credibly that justice will be done. As so often, though, we can't help noticing that the U.S. media have devoted about equal space to deploring a) that a few Lithuanian Nazis may have been wrongly pardoned and b) that a few Russian Communists may rightly lose their jobs. Right-wing murders, it seems, still count for more than left-wing murders.

■ When we last heard from Father George Stallings, he had just "shaken Rome" by founding his own "Imani Temple." The "prophetic voice calling the Catholic Church to reform," as he described himself, was also answering charges of misappropriation of Church funds and turning altar boys into catamites. "Bishop" Stallings—naturally a promotion was in order for His Holiness the Founder of Imani (Treasurer, too, one assumes)—has now ordained a female "priest," one Rose Vernell. This bold move, Stallings prophesied, would lead other women to hear "God's calling" toward Imani, thus rocking Rome, perhaps fatally. Recruitment of altar boys is expected to be more problematic.

■ Recognizing his grasp of "the dark secrets of the human heart," the Rockford Institute has awarded novelist Mario Vargas Llosa the Ingersoll Prize—one of the last meaningful literary honors. Another went to philosopher-historian John Lukacs. Both men have devoted themselves to "making sense of the modern age." Neither, for just that reason, is likely to clean up at PEN banquets, which honor only those who make the modern age senseless.

■ CORRECTION. Our last issue announced that Communism was dead. That was before we heard Senator Joseph Biden grilling Clarence Thomas on his suspected belief in property rights.

The Romance Continues

Though Gorby has gone from Gargantua to
A kind of cadaver, recalling the coup,
The President's still as besotted as when
They dallied off Malta while sharing a pen;
So let us all pray Mr. Bush will unwind,
As Yeltsin continues to wink from behind.

W. H. VON DREELE

Senate Charade

SOMEDAY, a nominee for the United States Supreme Court is going to respond to Joe Biden and Howard Metzenbaum as they inquire about his commitment to a constitutional "right of privacy" like this: "Senator, we can all agree that there are specific rights of privacy in the Constitution. The Fourth Amendment, for example, protects individuals from unreasonable searches of their person and property. But I believe that your question alludes to something else, an unwritten 'right to privacy' located at some uncertain place in the Constitution and revealed only to a small handful of past Supreme Court Justices. Principally, this 'right' has been interpreted to protect various forms of abortion rights. While I am not personally of the view that the Constitution sets forth any fundamental right of a woman to destroy her unborn child, I

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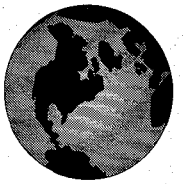

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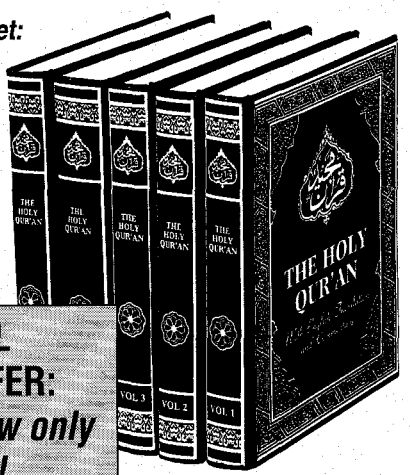

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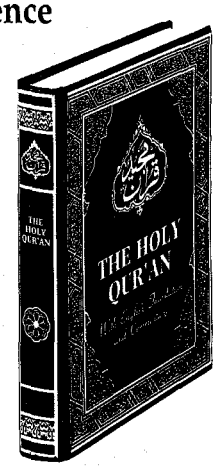

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am certainly willing to entertain the notion that there are other aspects to this largely unexplored right. I would seek guidance from the Honorable Member as to the scope of this right. Does it include, to mention a few topics bandied about in the law reviews, the right to use drugs in one's home, the right to consume pornography, the right of homosexual couples to marry, euthanasia rights, the right to have one's abortions subsidized by the taxpayer, sodomy and incest rights, and so forth?"

Someday, that same nominee is going to continue, "Following our discussion of rights that, at best, can only be inferred from the emanations and penumbras of the Constitution, let me contrast my views on those matters with my views on some long-ignored provisions that are expressly contained in that document—freedom of contract, the right not to have one's property taken without just compensation and due process of law."

That nominee has not yet emerged. In fairness, let us say that Thomas's handlers are correct in their assumption that the confirmation process is not a pedagogical forum; it is an enemy minefield to be traversed by any necessary means. Still, it is disconcerting to watch an engaging, intellectually vibrant individual like Judge Thomas seem evasive and unresponsive before the Judiciary Committee. Far worse when his answers seem to give aid and comfort to the enemies of those who have assisted his own career—the implication, for example, that the Reagan Administration was less than sympathetic to legitimate civil-rights concerns.

And on such diverse issues as affirmative action, the establishment-of-religion clause, equal protection, and approaches to constitutional interpretation, the nominee has seemed largely to accept the premises of those who support the status quo. Not that the Republican senators did much to insist on higher standards for the hearings.

Almost certainly, Clarence Thomas will be approved by a substantial margin and almost certainly this will be good for the country. His confirmation hearings will be soon forgotten, just as David Souter's and Anthony Kennedy's and Sandra Day O'Connor's have already been. What we have seen in the hearings is simply the latest evidence of the continued deterioration of the political process. The senators on the committee are not looking for serious debate any more than Clarence Thomas's handlers are. The senators are looking for gaffes, inappropriate code words, and exploitable sound-bites; the handlers are looking to avoid them.

That is the legacy of the Bork nomination—and it is a legacy shaped by the intolerant "liberalism" of senatorial Democrats and the media.

The Domestic Thing

It's not as bad as Weimar,
  Nor is it bleak as when
The Bourbons tried a getaway,
  But only reached Varennes;
Of course, with voters waiting
  To see the good times roll,
The President may sweat a bit
  As Greenspan shovels coal.

W. H. VON DREELE

Milking Milken Again

THE Resolution Trust Corporation's current lawsuit against Michael Milken and other former Drexel employees represents the latest, and we hope last, phase of the largest financial coverup in U.S. history. The plaintiff's scenario runs like this: the junk-bond market was dying, as were many S&Ls; Michael Milken saw an opportunity; he agreed to pump Drexel's money into dying thrifts on condition that they buy his bonds, the risks of which were conveniently never spelled out. For a while the scam succeeded in artificially propping up bond prices. In the end, however, it killed the S&Ls.

Those who received their financial education via the pages of *Bonfire of the Vanities* will no doubt find this plausible. Unfortunately, real life is rarely so exciting. A voluminous public record attests to the openness and extreme competitiveness of the junk-bond market. Far from being snookered by fast-talking Masters of the Universe, the S&Ls made their own investment decisions, aided by teams of analysts, credit officers, and independent money managers. The level of risk of high-yield bonds was equally well known to federal bank regulators, who never questioned the judgment of the S&Ls who bought them. Indeed, a 1989 General Accounting Office report touted them as among the most profitable investments held by thrifts.

A few S&Ls undoubtedly got into trouble because of the junk bonds. But many more went bankrupt investing in real estate and oil, neither of which is mentioned in the federal complaint.

In any event, most of the S&Ls were insolvent long before they got into junk bonds. During the Seventies and early Eighties, failing S&Ls tried to stay afloat by investing federally insured deposits in high-risk ventures. Federal regulators—many of whom now work for the RTC—turned a blind eye to early indications of the crisis. Rather than close hundreds of ailing S&Ls, they issued "special certificates" of net worth and sanctioned other accounting gimmicks designed to buy time for moribund S&Ls.

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When the magnitude of the debacle could no longer be denied, government policy switched from malign neglect to regulatory overkill. The 1989 bailout bill forced even healthy thrifts to sell off their high-yield portfolios. That accelerated the fall in the value of junk bonds. So the S&L bailout precipitated the collapse of junk bonds, not the reverse. Maybe Mr. Milken should sue the government.

Crown Hype

FOR ALL the talk about the resurgence of anti-Semitism in Eastern Europe, the fact remains that the only anti-Jewish riot in the world in recent weeks took place in the Crown Heights neighborhood of Brooklyn. The riot began when a car in the motorcade of a Hasidic rabbi spun out of control and hit two black children, killing one of them. Blacks went on a three-day rampage, looting stores, chanting "Heil Hitler," and taking the life of Yankel Rosenbaum, a 29-year-old passerby.

So what happened next? A grand jury was summoned—to ponder the actions of the driver. (No indictment was brought.) The cops arrested one teenager out of the pack of ten or twenty who chased Rosenbaum down. Al Sharpton, and his clones and soul-mates, descended on the scene to "advise" the parents of the dead child. Mayor David Dinkins, though his own utterances were unexceptionable, would not denounce the rabble-rousers. The underlying assumptions seemed to be that only blacks can be the victims of racial crimes; that they can only be victims, never perpetrators; and that any effort to challenge either of these assumptions will so outrage blacks that it should not be made.

There are some signs that black sensibilities are far from being as corrupt as that: in recent City Council elections, two black racist firebrands—one of them Vernon Mason, of Tawana Brawley fame—were defeated in heavily black districts by white candidates. Even if black opinion were rotten to the core, that would not excuse the authorities from enforcing the law, or the opinion makers from calling things by their right names. Truth and justice are as easy to kill as passersby.

Saddam's Nukes

UNITED NATIONS inspectors charged with monitoring Iraq's nuclear-war-making capabilities will shortly publish their findings, and advance reports come as no surprise: Iraq was feverishly manufacturing supplies of enriched uranium before the Gulf War. Some of its facilities for doing so survive. The UN estimates that in 18 months Iraq could have begun producing thirty pounds of enriched uranium (enough for at least one weapon) a year. An Iraqi defector told American intelligence that the Iraqis already have eighty to ninety pounds of the stuff squirreled away.

Iraq has also consistently stonewalled UN inspection efforts. It missed a July 25 deadline for allowing the UN to examine its sites. When it finally let the inspectors in, it insisted they fly in Iraqi helicopters, piloted by uncooperative crews. The inspectors, unable to finish their job, left this month.

The U.S. has made threatening noises for three months. Back in July, Washington's tough talk drew demurs from the Soviets. Presumably that source of objections has been removed. If Iraq continues its evasive and dangerous behavior, our threats will have to be made good—up to, and including, air strikes at suspected atomic sites. Saddam Hussein must understand that the destruction of the Republican Guard was not a suggestion that he go nuclear.

Operation Rescue

THOSE searching for an explanation of the dramatic confrontations between pro-life activists and abortion clinics in Wichita, Kansas, need look no further than the Clarence Thomas hearings. Abortion is the most serious moral question facing America today, involving, as all great issues do, a clash of rights on both sides. Unfortunately, the Judiciary Committee inquisition led by Senators Joe Biden, Ted Kennedy, Howard Metzenbaum, et al. established beyond doubt that the nation's highest legislative body remains utterly incapable of addressing the question in a serious way. This is not surprising: the Senate's irresponsibility over abortion only mirrors that of our press, our doctors, our universities, even our churches.

Hence Operation Rescue. Like the unpopular civil-rights movement of a generation ago, Operation Rescue wants to disturb a general complacency with unconventional (and often illegal) actions. In this regard NATIONAL REVIEW finds itself faced with something of a dilemma. On the one hand, we believe that life begins before birth and acknowledge that if there were ever a compelling reason for civil disobedience, the lives of innocent children would seem to be it. On the other hand, tactics are fraught with moral import too. The U.S. is a constitutional republic with mechanisms to address such issues, and we are ever mindful that, in an imperfect and imperfectible world, great moral failings do not sanction an assault on the foundation. And our concern has grown as Operation Rescue has moved from passive disobedience to more aggressive actions: storm-

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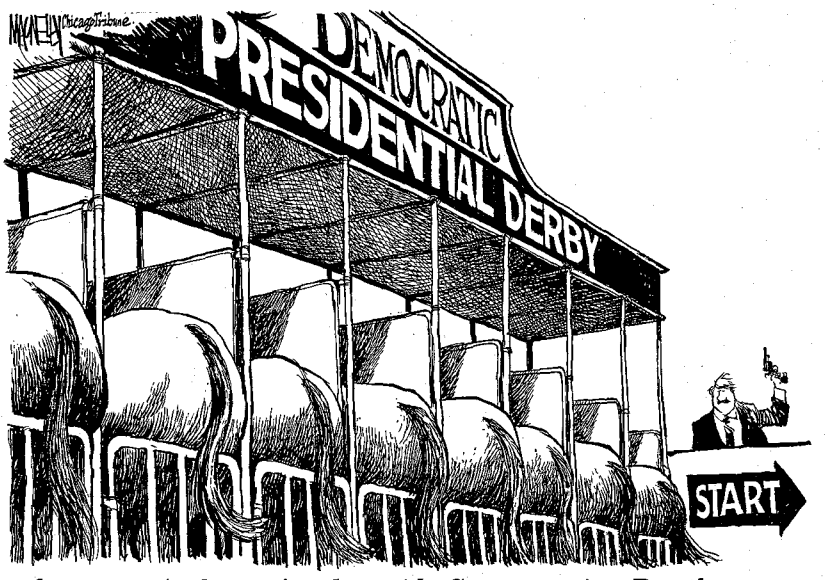
ing barricades, putting children on the line, etc.

However, when prosecutors are going after Operation Rescue with more zeal than after John Gotti, and police are using more force than they did against D.C. rioters this spring, where are the liberal civil-rights groups? Midwives to the idea that moral ends justify just about any means, the ACLU and the libertarian Left ought to be defending Randall Terry and Operation Rescue at least as passionately as they defended Nazis wanting to march through Skokie.

Confronting this hidden bias is what Operation Rescue is all about. Judge Kelly's decision literally to make a federal case out of the Wichita abortion clinic was a dishonest example of pulling out the federal cannon to go after a local fly. The press coverage of the whole abortion issue, as newspapers from the *Los Angeles Times* to the *Washington Post* have now admitted, has been distorted by pervasive pro-choice assumptions.

Every survey of public opinion demonstrates that most Americans, while opposing the vast majority of abortions, do not support a total ban. Whether Operation Rescue ultimately alienates or persuades these people is as yet an open question. With its influence growing against all the odds—at forty thousand arrests nationwide it has become the largest civil-disobedience campaign in America ever—this is more of an open question than its critics would like to think. And it is no coincidence that a "right" imposed by judicial fiat, sustained by silence, shut out of official discourse, and representing an ethic utterly at odds with the American soul would sooner or later inspire debates on the street. But that is not where debate ought to be.



Frank Capra, R I P

FRANK CAPRA'S films had many shortcomings, all of which only contributed to their irresistibility. The obituarists have unanimously felt obliged to disclaim the naïve optimism of those films before virtually breaking down in print to confess how much they loved them.

Well, you can't *not* love a movie like *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*. Capra went right for the heart, the funny-bone, the tear ducts, without disguise or subtlety, and it didn't matter that you saw the attack coming a mile away: he always hit his target. There was no defense against him. Audiences loved him, because he so patently loved them.

Maybe Clark Gable, James Stewart, and Jean Arthur existed outside Capra movies. But they never seemed so fully themselves as when inhabiting his happy world, where it seemed only natural that love, humor, and down-home heroism should vanquish power-lust, greed, and corruption. His stories were as stylized as the plots of operas, though a lot faster-paced. Villainy was reliably fat and glib and sure of itself, with a slightly phony accent; but no film noir made evil eerier than the huge fascist rally in *Meet John Doe*, where Gary Cooper, trying to alert the nation to its peril, has his microphone cut off and is suddenly sent out alone into the rainy night, defeated and desolate. Capra made his happy endings seem both difficult and foreordained.

What always triumphed—the really insuperable force—was sheer neighborliness. The villains might control the airwaves, but Capra's image of America was a nation of neighbors, too close to each other to be permanently divided by what would now be called the mass media. That is what gives his democratic melodramas their redeeming plausibility and, now, their immense nostalgic power. Did Capra's America exist, even in his own time? Probably not. But he gave us a myth as uplifting, in its way, as Camelot and Sherwood Forest.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Memo to: WFB
From: Brad Miner

Bill: I hope you noticed *Library Journal* (September 1, 1991). I suspect you did not, and therefore advise you that it published a list of "best-selling" college guides. *The National Review College Guide* is listed as #3 in popular demand. Not bad. Brad

Dear Brad: Not bad at all. My congratulations to its editors. Cordially, Bill

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■ Dear Bill:

I tuned in on your national debate with the academics on the question of whether freedom of thought is endangered. I was especially intrigued by an answer given by Stanley Fish, the renowned professor of literature and law, to a question put to him by a member of your team, Dinesh D'Souza. I have gone to the trouble of making a transcript of this brief exchange, hoping you would give me guidance as to its meaning. Are you ready?

MR. D'SOUZA: This is a statement you made about the National Association of Scholars, a group which in its public charter is committed to high standards of debate. It includes several university presidents and scholars evidently across a broad spectrum. You describe this group as "racist, sexist, and homophobic," and you know as well as I do that those are three of the most pungent epithets in the language—

PROFESSOR FISH (*interrupting*): That's why I used them. (*Crowd laughter.*)

MR. D'SOUZA: That's why you used them. Could you give me three concrete examples of racism, sexism, and homophobia—please be specific—on the part of the National Association of Scholars?

PROFESSOR FISH: I don't have to. I don't have to respond to any request for three—to the question of just what I mean by saying that, which I hereby repeat. What I did say, by the way, was that the organization is widely *known* to be racist, sexist, and homophobic. I was alerting my colleagues as to the nature of the organization they were being asked to join. What I mean by that was in reference exactly to the high-sounding materials to which you refer. These are materials which declare that we are not against women, that we are not against gays, we are not against minorities, we just wish their works to *enter by* neutral objective standards. And then when the question is asked, How do we know where the neutral and objective standards come from? it turns out they come from the very works and points of view being championed by the members of this organization. So that although the assertion of no discrimination against these groups is made, a mechanism in the way of thinking is put in place that has that effect. So that on the general principle that if it walks like a duck, talks like a duck, and produces duck-like effects, it's a duck. I say again it is: racist, sexist, and homophobic.

Lawry
[Lawrence Chickering]
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Lawry: The answer to your question is that Professor Fish ended by offering no defense against grave accusations. You will have noticed that when Professor Fish is engaged in saying nothing at all, he enunciates his nothingness with great histrionic energy, as if writhing in his effort to communicate to the audience the subtlety of his thought. It is good theater, and intellectual charlatanism.

Here, reduced to symbolic philosophical form, is what he said: "Yes, I did accuse A of being anti-X. No, I won't give you an example of anything A ever said against X. But it is well known that the people who compose A are anti-X, and though they insist that they are not opposed to X, they ask you to judge their sincerity by consulting their own work, which is notoriously anti-X. So that, as you can see, they invite you to do the impossible, namely to prove, using their work, that they are not anti-X. That advice does not fool me. Accordingly, I say that if they walk like anti-Xers, talk like anti-Xers, and have anti-X-like effects, they are anti-X."

The problem, of course, is that he has not shown that they walk like anti-Xers or talk that way. In fact, he was affronted at D'Souza's suggestion that he do exactly that. . . . I hope you recall the comment made at that point by the master of ceremonies, Mr. Michael Kinsley? He said, "That was an example of deconstructionism at work." Exactly.

Cordially,
Bill
—WFB

■ Memo to: Our Readers
From: WFB
Re: Extraordinary Event

At the last meeting of the Board of Directors, a resolution was passed which makes me think that August 1991 in Moscow was incidental stuff.

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WFB

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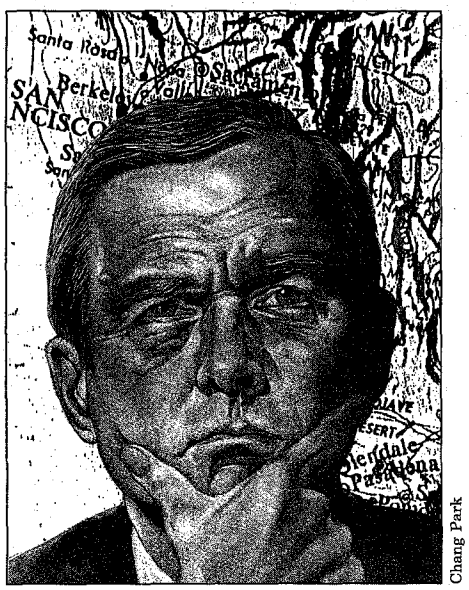
ON THE SCENE

Wilson versus the Right

HAROLD JOHNSON



Chang Park

ANAHEIM

MANY ambitions are ascribed to California's Governor Pete Wilson, including the presidential variety, but his immediate goal is clear: he aims to reshape his state's Republican Party in his own image, stamping a new imprint —cool and pragmatic—on the party that midwifed the anti-big-government evangelism of Ronald Reagan.

In the nine months since he assumed office, Wilson has set about this task energetically, beginning with the basics, the restructuring of definitions. Conservatism? It's "alive and well," he assured *This Week with David Brinkley*. However, true conservatives are those who "are willing to pay taxes." Also, they're "about 75 per cent pro-choice. Not pro-abortion, pro-choice. They feel very strongly about the physical environment." Who's outside this tent? Well, there's the "religious Right." They're "not conservatives."

Such talk wins huzzahs from the Eastern media and most of California's major newspapers. Wilson is applauded for charting a high-road path to Republican triumph—much as Rockefeller, Romney, and Percy were once hailed for similar vision.

One problem, though, is that legions of California's conservative activists (traditionally defined) aren't buying the script. For the senior of these foot soldiers, pride as well as policy is at stake. Join a group of aging ex-YAFers for drinks, and as the evening progresses you might hear them reminiscing about glories past—about how, sparking a movement that would transform the party nationally, they wrested the Golden State's GOP from the moderates. Three great battles are the stuff of romance: Goldwater's besting Rockefeller in the 1964 presidential primary; Reagan's capturing the gubernatorial nomination two years later; and the dumping of an arch-liberal relic, Senator Thomas Kuchel, by the valiant Max Rafferty in the 1968 senatorial primary. It is that inheritance that is now under siege.

The Right's suspicions of Wilson are not new. They date at least from 1976 when, as mayor of San Diego, he supported Gerald Ford over Reagan in the presidential primary. Yes, conservatives backed Wilson for governor last year, mostly to guarantee a GOP voice in reapportionment; but they still didn't account him a blood brother.

Yet even many who were wary of him during that election are surprised at how far he has gone astray since taking office. His tax increase, by far the largest in state history, is what steams people most, but much else also rankles. State regulatory power is on the gallop. An EPA is up and running; expansion has been sought for the already muscular Coastal Commission, which second-guesses landowners near the ocean; more "growth management" is promised (translation: restrictions on building that will further inflate housing costs).

In Republican Orange County, the natives are restless. The county delivered the votes that ensured Wilson his election. Now local party leaders grouse that the governor has chosen not a single Republican from their turf as a senior advisor. The one Orange Countian rewarded with a cabinet position, Education Secretary Maureen DiMarco, is a Democrat who smiles indulgently at the suggestion that the public-education establishment might be top-heavy with administrators; she'll explain to you at length the perils of educational choice.

After all the indignities and heterodoxy, the camel-breaking straw was the tax increases, all $7.7 billion of them. Wilson's defenders stress the fiscal realities, but critics wonder, citing the budget's continued growth. Was the emergency as grave as it was portrayed, or were the additional revenues needed in part to fund a wish-list of new spending?

Whatever the answer, Wilson bungled from the outset. Instead of demanding concessions from big spenders as a condition for give on his part, he proposed billions in taxes as his opening offer, declaring his plan "a solution, not a negotiating stance." Weeks of negotiation followed, by the end of which the seasoned pragmatist had been handed his pants by Assembly Speaker Willie Brown.

Originally the governor demanded suspension of all automatic cost-of-living increases for welfare programs; he eventually accepted just a five-year suspension. He finally accepted some negligible tinkering with the costly workers' compensation system, after insisting at first on sweeping change. He dropped an effort to trim school spending (partly, it must be said, because of indifference among lawmakers from his own party). And he reneged on his promise not to accept any increase in the personal income tax. Where he stayed nail-tough was in dealing with anti-tax Republicans; they won no concessions, just a series of tongue lashings.

Thus greased by threats and incentives, the $56-billion budget was finally eased through, accompanied by new levies on sales, income, auto registration, snacks, and newspapers—

Mr. Johnson is an editorial writer at the Orange County Register.

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in all, adding $1,050 to the average California family's tax burden.

The conservative counterrevolt grew hot, fast. So much so that Governor Wilson, titular head of the California GOP, chose to be a no-show at formal sessions of the party's recent state convention in Anaheim.

By keeping his distance, he stayed out of harm's way. At least seventy resolutions had been submitted to the convention. Only one saluted the governor, for appointing a law-and-order justice to the state Supreme Court (it passed). Meanwhile, delegates voted to repudiate the tax increases. They congratulated GOP governors in three other states who resisted new taxes. And they condemned the Republican National Committee for pouring money (at Wilson's request) into moderate B. T. Collins's campaign against a conservative in a July primary for a Sacramento-area Assembly seat.

The conservative–moderate feuding will continue, with right-wing anger targeted at moderate candidates—Tom Campbell and appointed Senator John Seymour—for the state's two Senate seats, both up for grabs next year. Redistricting could give Wilson a chance to return fire at legislative conservatives, but the Right's tacticians aren't trembling; they say you can't craft a district in which a conservative can't capture the primary.

In any case, Wilson would be smart to ask if maybe his policies, and not the obstructionism of right-wingers, are the real source of his troubles. His "most dangerous problem isn't with conservative activists, it's with the people of California," says conservative Assemblyman Tom McClintock.

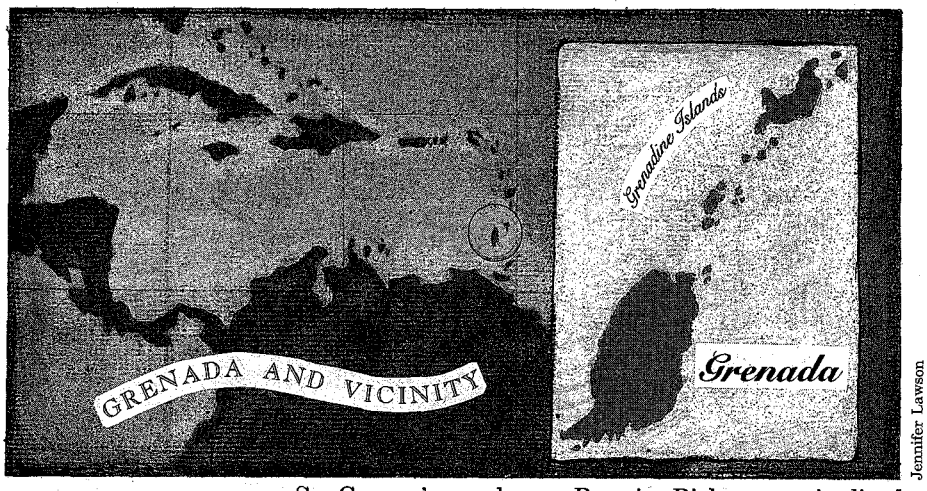
In the special primary elections for Assembly seats in July, Wilson's heavily funded candidate in Sacramento just squeaked by, while in Orange County, the governor's man was upset by a conservative who made opposition to tax hikes his sole issue. In the San Gabriel Valley, the GOP assemblyman who cast the deciding vote for the Wilson budget had to work furiously to turn aside a recall drive. A fledgling tax-revolt group in Orange County attracted so many people to its August meeting at a Santa Ana restaurant that an overflow crowd of several hundred had to stand in the parking lot, where they listened to denunciations of the governor over a makeshift PA system.

When the *Orange County Register* asked readers in July for comments about taxes, hundreds of calls flooded the lines, the same complaint being voiced again and again: we feel pushed to the wall. Employers know the feeling. They're front-line targets as the state grows more authoritarian in zoning, health and safety, and environmental rule-making. Even before the latest tax increases, California had the tenth highest total state and local tax burden, and the sixth highest corporate income tax. Employers pay about $11 billion yearly in worker-compensation insurance costs, fourth highest in the nation. One hundred thousand manufacturing jobs have been lost since July 1990.

With an exodus of entrepreneurs heading for lower-tax states already under way, Pete Wilson's burdensome New Conservatism might call to mind, as much as anything, the Old Conservatism of Herbert Hoover. As Reagan conservatives battle the governor's agenda in the political trenches, it's likely that more and more business owners will cast their votes with their feet. □

No Hangman for the Revo

GEOFFREY WAGNER



Jennifer Lawson

ST. GEORGE'S

'ABDULLAH counted from one to three. After he counted one to three, I witnessed rapid fire against the bodies that were against the wall. The firing went on for about ten minutes. The bodies fell, and after they fell on the concrete there was rapid firing again on the bodies. I noticed that the bodies were burst open. Fitzroy Bain's chest was open. Maurice Bishop's back, chest, and head burst open. Jacqueline Creft's hand was cut off completely and the bodies were lying in pieces and blood on the top square."

Such was the evidence of a Grenadian in the Maurice Bishop murder trial, the longest, bloodiest, and costliest in West Indian history. For not only was Premier Bishop marginalized alongside his ministers and pregnant mistress (pretty Jacky Creft, whose now-severed hand I had shaken), but so were a couple of hundred innocent Grenadian bystanders into whom squat Soviet BTR-60P carriers poured fire. "In pieces and blood," what was left of Maurice Bishop was shoveled into a dump truck and burnt.

Bishop took power in a 1979 coup that deposed Sir Eric Gairy. Spewing out anti-American spittle and inviting in the usual gang (Samora Machel, Winnie Mandela, Dési Bouterse, even dear old Angela Davis), Bishop cozied up to the man Norman Mailer called "the greatest hero to appear in the world since the Second World War," fatty Fidel, imprisoning and torturing political opponents, and eventually suppressing pretty much everything in sight. Under Bishop, Grenada voted Soviet in 92 per cent of the votes of the 1982 UN General Assembly. Fortunately, Ronald Reagan anticipated the

Mr. Wagner lived in Grenada through the Bishop coup, the Cuban interregnum, and the subsequent American intervention; his book Red Calypso *(Regnery Gateway) describes these events.*

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Russians, and October 25 is now celebrated as national Thanksgiving Day on the island.

The men who murdered Maurice Bishop included his lumbering deputy, Bernard Coard, plus Coard's Jamaican wife (and Tia Maria heiress), Phyllis, and a cretinous general of a People's Revolutionary Army of field-marshals. Considered by this "Leninist" group to be a Caribbean Trotsky, Bishop was seized and shackled to a bed, alongside his paramour. Released by sympathizers, he led a march in green boxer shorts to the old fort above the capital chanting: "The masses! The masses!" (Where wert thou, Evelyn Waugh?) On October 19, 1983, Maurice was overkilled. A girl who helped bundle his butchered remains in a Cuban blanket was asked in court, "What did he look like?" Her answer, after some consideration, was: "Dead."

The assassins were apprehended, charged, and tried before a jury of their peers, including five women. Had they been "tried" under the Anti-Terrorism Act of their own People's Revolutionary Government, they would have received short shrift. Instead, they were accorded the courtesy of a Court of Inquiry, a nine-month long trial with free legal assistance, followed by years of appeals, whose expenses threatened to bankrupt little Grenada. The jury found the defendants guilty on all counts, except for one man, Raeburn Nelson, who was let off, apparently for declining to join the others in turning the courtroom into a Mad Hatter's revo party. The tactic of courtroom disruption ended when presiding judge Dennis Byron, from St. Kitts, donned the black cap and sentenced 14 to death by hanging. For it is an uncomfortable fact of life for liberals that though England outlawed capital punishment in the Sixties, when there was virtually none, her former Caribbean possessions restored it upon individual independence.

In Grenada the endless appeals were brought to a summary end on the afternoon of July 11 when the Grenadian Court of Appeal, under Barbadian Sir Frederick Smith, upheld all the convictions and death sentences.

End of the road. Under Grenada's court system the attorney general could not allow any further appeals. But would the governor general, Sir Paul Scoon, intercede to the Queen? Rumor has it that Her Majesty, carefully cased out in such matters beforehand, showed no sympathy for these bloody murderers. There seemed nothing to do but to hang them.

Thus—so the story goes and it is not substantiable—five were nominated by the cabinet to hang first. Of course, if five were hanged all had to be. At the dead of night the five (including Coard but not Phyllis) were prepared for the Richmond Hill gallows, having been shaved, weighed, and shackled, with straitjackets prepared, graves dug, and so forth. Frankly, I have not been able to find any evidence that this actually happened, and I attribute it to the overheated imagination of one of the island's weekly newspapers, whose editor is an anti-capital-punishment hothead. The five were supposedly given a last-minute reprieve (under what dispensation?).

The islanders were clearly for the elimination of the Coardites, effigies of whom were stabbed and hanged on Jou'vé (Jour Ouvert) during Carnival. Nevertheless, neither Scoon nor Prime Minister Nicholas Brathwaite wanted to go down in history as a hangman, and both were obviously looking for every excuse not to be.

Such came a-plenty. From England the usual militants (Tony Benn, Anthony Gifford, Jeremy Corbyn) jammed the faxes with clemency petitions, while in America a small committee organized by Congressman Mervyn Dymally managed to get itself represented, on BBC as well as regional radio, as standing for the entire U.S. Congress. The civil-rights groups geared up. Jesse Jackson was said to be on his way, closely followed by Joe Kennedy, to say nothing of Amnesty International (of which I was a founder member when it was initiated for those who had committed no crime at all). The main beef of these groups was that the Grenadian murders had been political, and were therefore not subject to the capital penalty. This point had been raised years ago in the appeals and did not suffice. The murder of my old friend and wartime comrade Richard Sharples, governor of Bermuda, was palpably "political," but three men hanged for it. There are such political murderers on death row all over the Caribbean, so why didn't Amnesty International go after Barbados, Jamaica, or Trinidad? The answer is the political complexion of the Coard gang.

By the time Carnival closed, "Braff" had had enough. Leaving his house heavily guarded, and accompanied by his attorney general, he ran for it—to Antigua—leaving a tape to be played in his absence commuting the death sentences of all prisoners "on the Hill" to life imprisonment, including those who had nothing to do with Coard and Co. Brathwaite's speech was incredible, digging deep for justification for his action. We were told that somehow or another we were joining democracy by commuting death sentences; at another point we learnt that now that Communism was in retreat we should relieve the 14 assassins of the noose. As if a crime were not a crime.

What sickened the average Grenadian was chiefly the cowardice of Brathwaite. Let him characterize himself as he did in his commutation broadcast: "What appears to be a popular cry may not always be the best course for the country." That's telling 'em. □

Revolution Needed

ARLYNN L. PRESSER

CHICAGO

IT BEGAN as a simple get-together in the office of Hedges East principal Steven Hara to schedule the next meeting of the local school council. It ended with school-council president German Gonzalez holding down the hapless principal so that school-council secretary Beatrize Lepe could get in a punch to his face. Though Mrs. Lepe and Mr. Gonzalez were charged with battery, the Hispanic community's activist group, United Neighborhood Organization (UNO), was immediately assured by Chicago public-schools superintendent Ted Kimbrough that an investigation would be mounted into charges that Hara provoked the attack by failing to

Mrs. Presser is a freelance writer and parent in Chicago.

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implement a school budget approved by the local school council and by his allegedly condoning the distribution of an inflammatory flier attacking Hispanics.

While Hara's face has recovered, Mrs. Lepe's punch struck all 540 schools in Chicago's district. Over and over, Chicagoans ask, "Is this any way to reform our schools?"

Chicago's reform movement began in 1988 with high hopes. After all, the school system was so bad—named by then-Secretary of Education William Bennett as the worst in the country—that it was difficult to imagine anything worse. Much of the problem, it was believed, was with the increasingly centralized, increasingly unwieldy school bureaucracy, which was

Janet Hamlin

trying to keep track of hundreds of schools, thousands of teachers, and hundreds of thousands of students. By placing power in the hands of those who care the most about the quality of education—parents—Chicago hoped to put the brakes on its students' accelerating dropout rates and downward-spiraling test scores.

Instead of turning to individual parental choice, however, the reformers opted for collective power, in the form of local school councils made up of parents, neighborhood residents, teachers, and principals. They placed their faith in collective consensus-building, not in a free market's ability to spur excellence.

The school councils were given the responsibilities of hiring and negotiating employment contracts with principals, specifying the school's educational goals, approving curriculums and budgets, and making recommendations on hiring and firing. With 5,400 school-council members, all working for the goal of better education in Chicago, hopes were very high indeed.

But Chicago is as Balkanized as any other large urban community, and the school councils quickly became a new source of strife. Operation PUSH, long a powerful player in the centralized school management, depicted the reform movement as a racist maneuver—noting that decentralization was occurring just when blacks were coming to power. PUSH never galvanized its members for school-council elections, whereas the Hispanic group UNO aggressively pursued spots on the councils and made no secret of its desire to use them as a springboard for greater power within the city.

Within months of their election, two Hispanic-dominated councils had been sued for racial discrimination in their firings of non-Hispanic principals. Half a dozen teacher and/or student boycotts occurred when councils dissolved into factional fighting. Further, council members reported hostility from the school-board headquarters and the superintendent's office—some councils had to haggle with the central office to get something as simple as approval to change dead lightbulbs. The teachers' union also threw a monkey wrench into the reform plans, battling councils that tried to discipline or fire incompetent teachers. "What the councils managed to do," charges Professor Daniel Polsby of Northwestern University School of Law, "without getting rid of any of the clumsy bureaucratic superstructure that accumulated to administer all the mandates and programs and what-not, is add another layer, a very highly politicized layer, of governance."

In December 1990, the Illinois Supreme Court declared the 1988 Reform Act unconstitutional because parents of schoolchildren were given greater weight in selecting council members than were other citizens. The Illinois General Assembly—aided by lobbyists for community groups, business groups, the teachers' union, and the school board—is putting together a new reform package that will, it is hoped, survive the scrutiny of the courts. But few in power have suggested that it might be time to examine the very foundation of the reform movement.

Placing parents in greater control of their children's education was the original aim of the movement, and yet, at every step of the way, the power of parents has been reduced—by community groups intent on building their own power base, by a centralized management determined to hold onto power, by a teachers' union trying to save its own neck, and, now, by the Illinois Supreme Court.

Where reform advocates seem to have veered off course is in the assumption that parents can best make decisions for their children by meeting with other parents and forming a consensus. By placing faith in collective action instead of individual choice in a free market of educational alternatives, school reformers did not hold true to their original premise that parents are the people most interested in their children's education.

Sadly, the problems that reform meant to address are still very much in evidence. In the years since reform began, the dropout rate has risen, to 46 per cent last year from 40 per cent the year before the councils took office. Test scores haven't risen, and the teachers' union is again threatening a prolonged strike, as in 1988. No one seriously argues that the quality of Chicago public education has gotten better since the advent of reform.

At present, the school system's budget is projected at $2.3 billion; with seven hundred thousand children enrolled, that's slightly more than $3,000 per pupil. Many a Chicago parent pays a bill of that size every September to one of the parochial or independent private schools in the city. Tearing down school-board headquarters, destroying the overlapping bureaucracies of union, management, councils, and activist groups, and writing a check to the school of every parent's choice would be a real Chicago revolution. □

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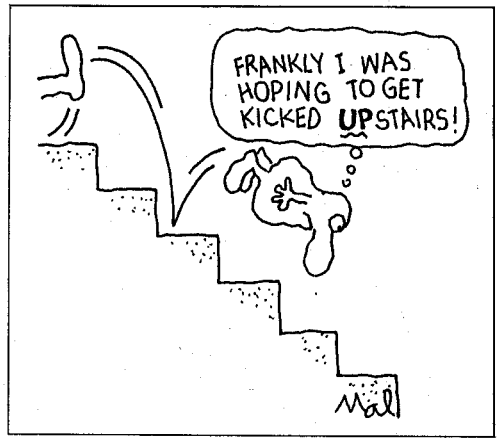
help



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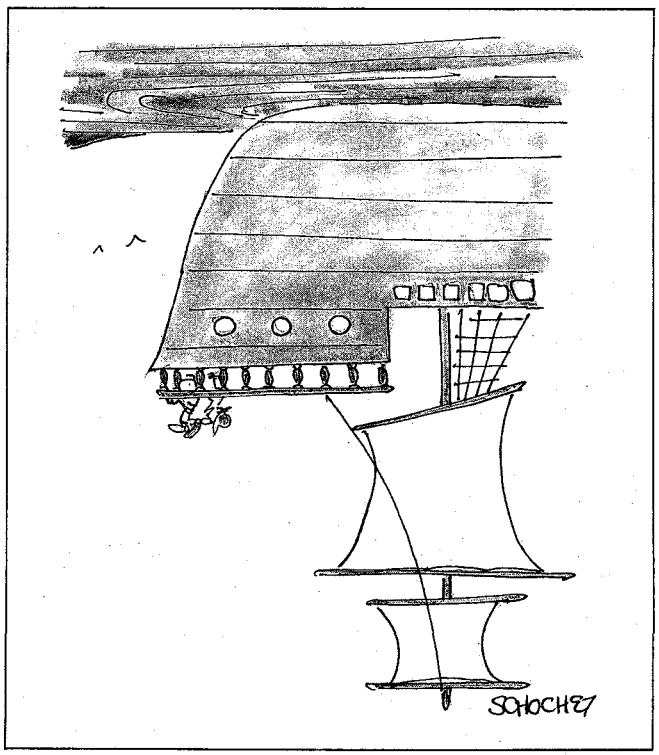
Alone with the Muslims

With Yeltsin at the tiller
  And Gorby in the bow
Examining the bottom
  For what the depths allow,
Mohammedans in numbers
  Unnerving to the crew
Sit sullenly on floorboards,
  Reflecting on the coup.

W. H. VON DREELE



"You were right, Christopher: the world is round."

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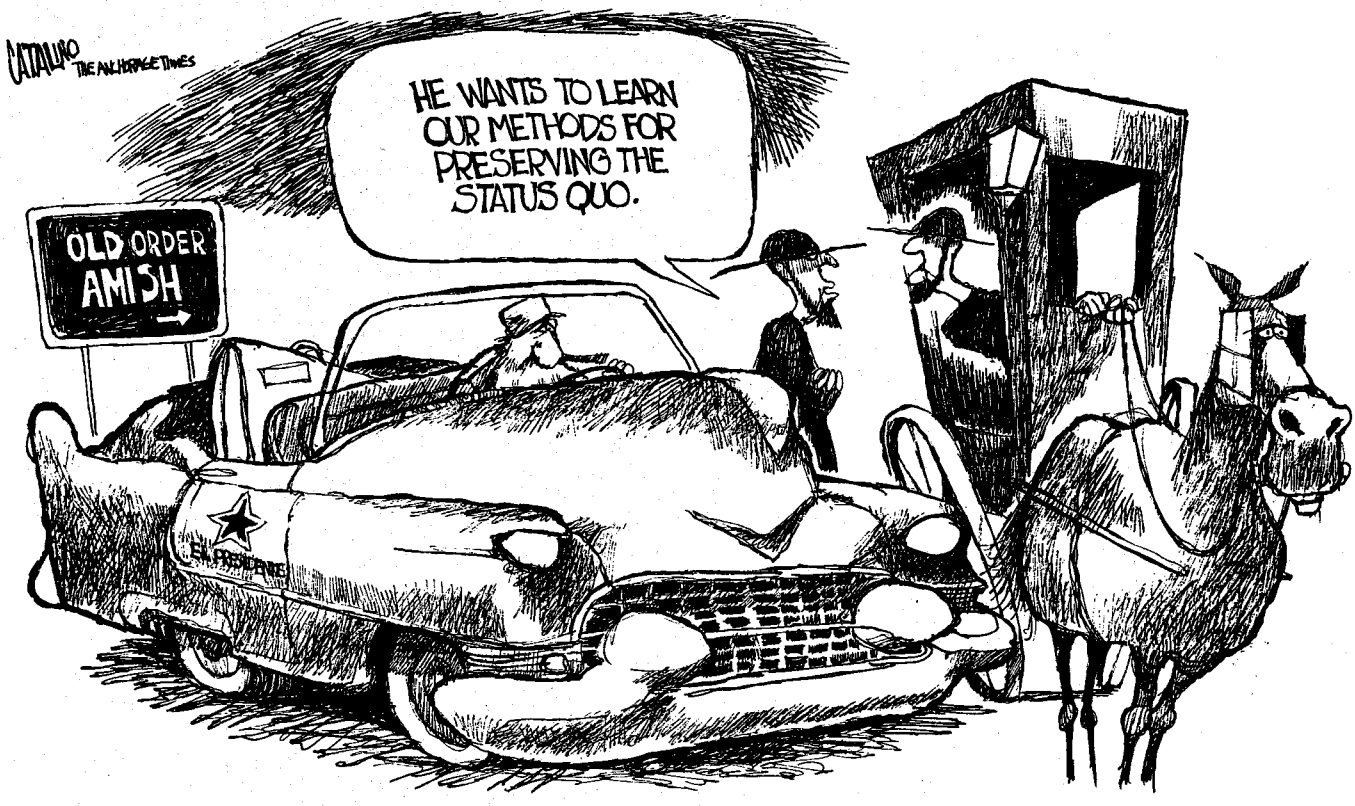

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CAN AMERICA BRING PEACE?

This is the second and last installment of our symposium on the Middle East peace process, begun in our August 26 issue.

Yitzhak Rabin

AN UNUSUAL coincidence of events has in the last two years substantially improved the prospects for advancing the peace process in the Middle East. There is no certainty that this extraordinary situation will persist beyond the next two or three years, and if the peace process does not begin during the next few months, this historic opportunity will be in jeopardy.

This coincidence of circumstances is mainly connected with the dramatic change occurring in the Soviet Union, which put an end to the cold war. As a result there is now in fact only one superpower, namely, the United States. The Soviet Union is now a sort of American satellite, as we saw during the Gulf War and in the message brought by the Soviet ex-Foreign Minister, Mr. Bessmertnykh, during his mission to the Middle East some weeks ago. The gist of that message was: "Follow Baker"—i.e., accept Baker's proposal to convene an international peace conference.

The second event is the *Intifada* of the Palestinians in the territories administered by Israel. For the first time since 1948, the people living in the West Bank and the Gaza Strip now lead in the struggle for their self-determination, thus effectively shifting the focal point of the Palestinian issue from the PLO officials in Tunisia and Baghdad to the local leadership. These leaders now are in the international limelight and have more practical and moral weight than the "outside" Palestinians. Another important event is also connected with the situation in the Soviet Union. The gates of that country now are wide open to Jewish emigration. Nothing is more important for the future of the state of Israel, its existence and security, than substantially increasing its Jewish population. The flow of Jewish immigrants from the Soviet Union is now very considerable, and can be even larger. Israel urgently needs loans, subsidies, and strong economic relations for the sake of its immigrants as well as for its own young generation. However, if the political process stalls, Israel will have difficulty in getting the financial assistance required to absorb the new immigrants. Moreover, in view of the recent revolutionary changes in the USSR, it is feared that Jewish immigration to Israel may dwindle, and so the Jewish people and the state of Israel risk losing a unique historic opportunity.

In my opinion, the peace process can begin very soon, but no one should expect magic formulas and shortcuts. The process will be complex and difficult, there will be ups and downs, but the chances for success are greater than the dangers.

There are in Israel two approaches toward the peace process and how it should be conducted. The first approach has proved its effectiveness since 1949 (the armistice agreements between Israel and its four Arab neighbors) and up to the peace treaty with Egypt in 1979. According to this step-by-step approach, Israel should not simultaneously negotiate with more than one Arab country at a time. Egypt has been the first partner for negotiations and Syria should be the last. Only after the negotiations with one country are concluded and a peace treaty is signed should the negotiations with another Arab country begin.

The second approach attempts to solve the Arab–Israeli conflict as a whole, by convening an international or regional peace conference in which Israel and all its Arab neighbors would take part. This approach has not yet led to any tangible results.

The peace initiative of the U.S. Secretary of State, James Baker, based on the second approach, calls for a regional conference to be convoked. The meetings will begin with a plenary session. After the opening session, the talks will break up into bilateral, face-to-face negotiations: Israeli–Jordanian–Palestinian discussions, and negotiations between Israel and every Arab country that wishes to join the talks.

I believe that the first approach, as expressed in the peace initiative of the National Unity government in May 1989, had better chances to succeed. This was an Israeli initiative supported by the U.S. and Egypt, and its main emphasis was on giving priority to the Israeli–Palestinian conflict. According to this initiative an elected or agreed-upon Palestinian delegation from the residents of the Territories would be an equal partner in negotiations with Israel and Jordan. This initiative was built on a three-step process. The first step was to be establishing a representation elected by and from among the Palestinians living in the Territories. The second step was to be establishing a self-governing authority in the Territories (not including East Jerusa-

Mr. Rabin, who served as prime minister of Israel from 1974 to 1977, is a Labor member of the Knesset.

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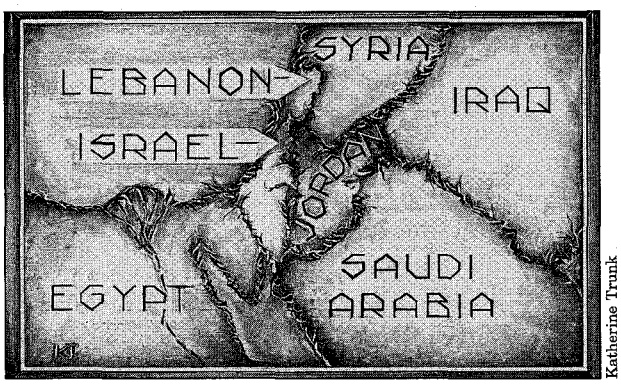
lem), as an interim solution for a five-year transition period. The third phase, which would have begun no later than three years after the establishment of Palestinian autonomy, called for beginning negotiations toward a permanent solution. These talks were to be attended by Israel, Jordan, the Palestinian representation, and other interested parties. The negotiations were to be based on Resolutions 242 and 338 of the UN Security Council. By the way, the nomination of the Palestinian delegates to the preliminary meeting in Cairo was almost agreed on in February/March 1990, when Likud ministers of the National Union government thwarted the process.



Katherine Trunk

The Baker initiative to convene a regional peace conference is now the only operative proposal. The initiative will be deemed successful if the meeting actually takes place and if the promoters succeed in separating the negotiations with the Palestinian (or Jordanian–Palestinian) delegation from the talks on the second track, i.e., between Israel and other Arab countries—or, in fact, with Syria. Any attempt to connect the two tracks will lead to a deterioration of the general situation in the area.

For all the above reasons, the ability of the statesmen who are responsible for implementing the Baker initiative, and who wish to advance the peace process, will be proved if they succeed in convening the regional peace conference isolating the Palestinian issue from the negotiations with Syria. □

Hafez Ismail

THE MIDEAST conflict results from an accumulation of problems during the last century. The central problem is the confrontation between Jewish and Arab nationalisms. This conflict, however, has spread to neighbors of Palestine, raising questions of sovereignty and security. And the conflict has been exacerbated by the Great Powers' involvement, including arms sales and the proliferation of weapons of mass destruction.

Nonetheless, the central problem remains the relationship between Jews and Arabs in Palestine. No line can be drawn within Palestine to satisfy the security and sovereignty claims of both peoples. And the approaches to a resolution of this central problem—whether the resolution is seen as a unified secular and democratic state (as the PLO suggests) or a Zionist state with a genuinely safeguarded Arab minority—are completely blocked by the subsidiary problems that it has created. Advocates of any long-term settlement must first help create the conditions where it can be possible.

The Palestine problem will require at least a two-stage solution. The immediate goal is self-government for the Arabs in the territories occupied since 1967. Within three years, negotiations toward the longer-term Palestinian goal, the formation of an independent state, should begin. This second stage, however, cannot begin until other Israeli–Arab conflicts—the occupation of the Golan, the "security zone" in Lebanon, and the disputed Jordanian–Israeli frontier—have been resolved. The last stage—which should begin within five years—is gradual movement toward a final settlement, guaranteed by the Great Powers, of relations within Palestine and of Jewish–Arab relations generally.

Certain matters of procedure will be essential during that "long move." An international conference must reinforce the role of the UN in the new world order and provide guarantees for the initial agreements. And the right to self-determination for the Arabs of Palestine —recognized by the UN's Universal Declaration of Human Rights—must be defended by all world democracies.

While negotiations must proceed "step by step," the final goal must be clear. The U.S. should give the Arabs written confirmation of its recent promises regarding elements of a final settlement. It should also reveal what commitments were made to Israel by previous Administrations, e.g., on Jerusalem and its Arab population. Finally, the Jewish settlers in the occupied territories must be withdrawn, or agree to accept Arab control of the areas in which they live. A third option would be for Israel to retain these territories, in exchange ceding Arab areas it has controlled since 1948.

A conference of Israeli and Arab representatives, with European and Gulf "observers," now seems likely in the near future. Many important conditions, including the composition of the Palestinian delegation, are as yet ambiguous. Moreover, Israel will seek to delay negotiations in order to improve its negotiating position—first by holding its own general elections, then by taking advantage of the United States' absorption in its 1992 presidential campaigns.

Nonetheless, a two-track direct negotiation among existing territorial states will take place. One track will be negotiations concerning the Golan (the results should be similar to those of the 1978 Sinai settlement) and Lebanon, where access to water, border security, and terms of Israeli and Syrian withdrawal must be established.

What direction the Palestine negotiations will take will depend on the composition of the Palestinian dele-

Mr. Ismail, Director of the National Center for Middle East studies in Cairo, was Counselor to President Anwar Sadat from 1971 to 1974.

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gation. If Palestine is represented by inhabitants of the occupied territories, the conference can begin the step-by-step negotiation described above. Israel will resist, and try instead to create conditions for its permanent domination of the West Bank and Gaza.

A joint Jordanian–Palestinian delegation to the conference would probably try to avoid the step-by-step negotiation and reach an immediate settlement permitting Jordan to assume "sovereignty" over the territories while allowing Israel to guarantee their "security"—to keep its troops on the Jordan River. However, such a settlement—the Jordanian option—is unlikely to succeed, events having proven that security "has no frontiers."

The Great Powers will attempt to guarantee the conference settlement. However, this alone may not guarantee stability in the region. Arab public opinion may determine future developments, particularly if there is a failure to realize a just peace. □

James Craig

I HAVE always been a pessimist about the chances of finding a solution to the Arab–Israeli dispute. But if ever there were a chink of light at the end of what continues to be a very long tunnel, it is now.

That's because President Bush and Secretary of State James Baker seem to be persuaded (as many of their predecessors were not) that the dispute is so harmful and dangerous that a really serious effort must be made to find a solution; that in the new, post-Gulf-crisis situation the international scene, both in the Middle East and in New York, offers a mood and line-up in which the possibility of devising a solution has been greatly enhanced; and that the principles of the available solution (roughly speaking, land for peace, the return of most of the occupied territories to Arab administration in exchange for Arab recognition of Israel's sovereignty and guarantees of her security) are both just and expedient.

This solution has been acceptable to both sides, but never to both sides at the same time. Before 1967 Israel would have warmly welcomed Arab recognition and would have accepted a Palestinian state in the West Bank and Gaza, which were already under Arab administration. But at that time the Arabs were not offering such terms. Now the Arabs *are* offering them; but Israel, being in possession by right of conquest, is not interested. My fear is that in future years, when changes in power and demography have had their effect, the Israelis will become interested but the Arabs will by then have withdrawn the offer.

So now is the time. The Arabs have come a long way to meet the American proposals. They may well come further once negotiations start. For a) the old polarization of the dispute (Arabs + USSR *v.* Israel + USA) has broken up, and the Arabs realize they are dependent on the U.S. broker; and b) because of the Gulf crisis the leading players on the Arab side—Syria, Egypt, and Saudi Arabia—have come, at least temporarily, into the habit of co-operation with the U.S. and are more hopeful of American bona fides.

But that bona fides has to be demonstrated. The way it ought to be demonstrated is by real pressure on a reluctant and over-cautious Israel to accept the principle of land for peace and to haggle only about details (boundaries, guarantees, demilitarization, the constitutional nature of Arab-governed territories). If the negotiations reach that stage, a settlement will be in sight, even if it has to be achieved in stages.

With peace envisageable, albeit over the horizon, even an answer to the knotty problem of Jerusalem should not be beyond the wit of man. There are plenty of ingenious constitutional lawyers who could devise ingenious arrangements to preserve an open city and shared sovereignty. There are precedents in other parts of the world for compromise systems of this sort *mutatis mutandis* (e.g., the Vatican, Andorra).

But before we reach that stage, what will certainly be needed is genuine pressure on Israel to accept the idea of compromise. That is where what I want to see diverges from what I expect to see. Moral suasion is not going to be enough. The wielded stick and the withheld carrot will have to be brought into play. Yet no American President since Eisenhower has been willing to get so tough with Israel. And even if Mr. Bush were willing, would Congress let him? There has been a big swing in American public opinion about Israel (though not so big as in Europe). Mr. Shamir's intransigence has been severely criticized, even by organs of the Zionist lobby. The notion that Israel is a pillar of liberal values has been weakened by the harsh handling of the *Intifada*, by various public scandals, and by the presence of men like General Sharon in the Israeli government. The idea that Israel is a Western fortress in the Middle East, a stationary aircraft carrier from which Western interests in the region can be defended, has been exploded by the events of the Gulf crisis, when, so far from exploiting Israel, we had to bribe her to keep out. In Europe at any rate Israel is seen as a liability to which we have a moral obligation, not an asset from which we can derive benefit.

All this is true. But viewed from London, thousands of miles from Capitol Hill, it did not seem nearly enough to encourage or even to permit President Bush to threaten the suspension or reduction of military and financial support—at least until the controversy over the deferral of loan guarantees. If I am right, I fear Shamir will stand pat. That is what I expect. If it happens it will be followed by the increasing alienation of the Islamic world, a process whose shadow we have already seen in Jordan, in Algeria, in Pakistan, and even, in a paler but still threatening form, in countries that are allies of the West, like Egypt and Saudi Arabia. Such a divide between East and West might well be a

Sir James Craig is Director General of the Middle East Association in London.

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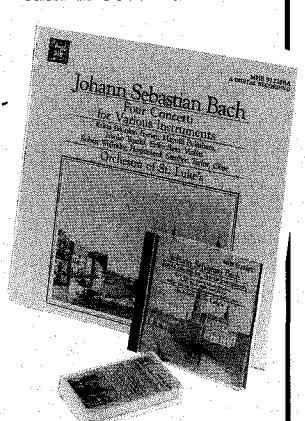

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disaster: it would certainly be a danger to peace, to oil supplies, and to our hopes for democracy. □

Ralph de Toledano

HISTORICALLY, the concept of a Middle East peace is oxymoronic. From ancient times, competing imperialisms have fought for this junction of three continents. Under the Ottomans there came to be a semblance of peace in what the Romans had called Palestine, but a ruinous one as the land slipped into depopulated swamp and desert, wrapped in the poverty described by Mark Twain in the 1870s. The countryside was sparsely inhabited by roving bands of Bedouins and the cities predominantly by Jews who had remained from Roman times or returned in the following centuries.* For the Middle East as a whole, the situation changed with the discovery of oil. For Palestine, the League of Nations mandate accelerated the Zionist tide; high wages and superior living conditions brought in a flood of Arabs from other areas.

Discussions of peace in the Middle East seem always to focus on an Arab–Israeli conflict which is of minor dimension when compared to the internecine wars of Islam. The Iran–Iraq conflict lasted for eight years and cost well over a million casualties. The Syrians under the bloody dictatorship of Hafez Assad claim the entire Fertile Crescent as "Greater Syria"—and their invasion and occupation of Lebanon was but a first step. Saddam Hussein's irredentist Iraq makes similar claims. Jordan, carved out of two-thirds of the mandated Jewish homeland by the British, ostensibly to create a homeland for the "Palestinians," has been at sword's point with Syria and other Arab countries that pointedly refused to recognize the illegal incorporation of the West Bank by King Hussein's invading armies. Jordan went to war with the PLO during "Black September"—driving it into Lebanon and killing off more Palestinian Arabs than Israel has ever done.

If Israel were to disappear tomorrow, the Middle East would remain a cockpit in which Moslem dictators fought for hegemony. Yet each day's news is full of press accounts about the "Israeli-occupied lands"—though those lands were formally granted to the Jews after World War I by the League of Nations, whose mandate was recognized by the UN after World War II. It is never mentioned that the so-called West Bank holds Safed and Hebron—two of Judaism's holy cities—or that the "pre-1967 boundaries" so hallowed in propaganda song and story were not boundaries at all but truce lines fixed when the UN stopped the expulsion of Jordanian and Egyptian invaders by Haganah in 1949. The actual boundaries were to be determined by a peace conference, which the Arabs refused to attend. Since then, only Egypt has been ready to negotiate with Israel.

Subsequent peace efforts have always foundered on the rock of U.S. ignorance and State Department ill-will toward Israel. The Arabism of State is well known, but the efforts of Secretary of State Henry Kissinger to double-cross Israel—efforts which led even the motherly Prime Minister Golda Meir to declare that she would have nothing more to do with him—have never been given currency by the American media. On the other hand, there was also the rescue of Israel by President Nixon during the Yom Kippur War in 1972, in spite of his ambivalent feelings toward Jews in general.

Before there can be Israeli–Arab peace, there must first be a recognition by the United States that it is not wedded to the forgotten dictum of Lyndon Johnson when he was in the Senate: "I don't have to worry about Israelis or Jews; I come from an Arab state." Israelis fear that what Senator Johnson said half in jest, Secretary of State Baker believes in earnest. And they find it hard to have confidence in an Administration which grows apoplectic when Israeli police kill nine Arabs in putting down a violent riot, but have not a word to say when the Syrians in Beirut kill five hundred Arab Christian prisoners.

There will be fruitful negotiations only when President Bush and Secretary Baker lean on the Arab states to sit down at the conference table with Israel and to recognize the legitimate existence of the Jewish state. But so far, all that Secretary Baker's several missions have achieved is the introduction of the Soviet Union into what is laughingly called the "peace process." In so doing, he has antagonized not only the Jews but the Arabs. He has also made no objection when Saudi Arabia, which leaves a blank on its maps for the land of Israel, has refused to talk peace with Israel and brought the other Gulf states along with her. On the other hand, he glowers at Israeli leaders because they want guarantees that he will not lead them to a Middle East Munich.

The United Nations has called for an Israel with defensible borders. Such borders were defined in a 1970 Pentagon study which held that the country would be perilously vulnerable unless its borders were set close to the Jordan River, leaving but a sliver of territory to the Palestinians. The Israelis today would not go that far. The Arabs, however, want all or nothing at all—as their internal propaganda discloses. They stand no chance to eliminate Israel, even with the help of Secretary Baker. So as has been true ever since World War II—when the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, vociferating from Berlin, called for the slaughter of the Jews and the British as well—the chances are that the Arabs will get nothing at all. Or at least until Secretary Baker stops peddling rugs and turns to honest diplomacy. □

** An Ottoman census of 1844 gives the population of Jerusalem as 7,120 Jews, 5,000 Moslems, and 3,000 Christians. In 1922, when the British Mandate began, the population of Jerusalem was 33,971 Jews, 13,413 Moslems, and 14,699 Christians. In 1948, before King Hussein's invading forces seized East Jerusalem and expelled the Jews, the mix was 100,000 Jews, 40,000 Arabs, and 25,000 Christians.*

Mr. Toledano, a longtime NR *contributor, is a syndicated columnist and author of 19 books.*

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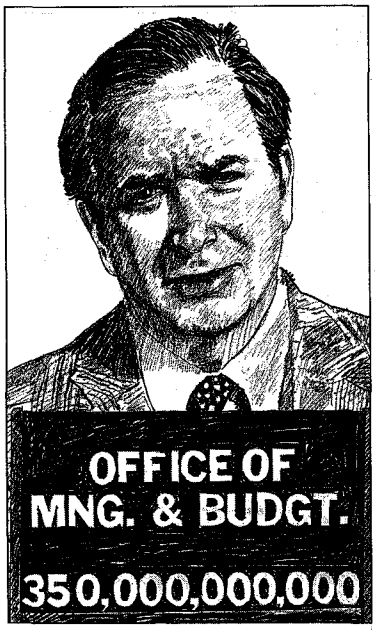

Bipartisan Mathematics

DEAD WRONG AGAIN

After last year's budget summit, Richard Darman claimed we would save $497 billion over five years. In January he admitted he was wrong by $319 billion. By July, the rest of the 'savings' had disappeared. How many strikes before Darman is out?

WARREN T. BROOKES

DICK DARMAN is one of the brightest, most interesting, and most charming men ever to direct the eye-glazing Office of Management and Budget. His performance, on the other hand, is the most disastrous failure in the history of the job.

To put it bluntly, the U.S. fiscal and regulatory situations—"budget" and "management"—are more out of control today than at any other time in U.S. postwar history. They threaten both the strength and the longevity of the current recovery, and could lead to a major crisis in financial markets over the next year.

In the last 18 months, the official OMB five-year deficit forecast has soared from $62.3 billion to $1.087 trillion, a 1,644 per cent increase in red ink. And that's with a $497-billion "deficit reduction" agreement in October 1990, including $164 billion in higher taxes and other revenues. This means that the real forecasting and control error is 2,443 per cent.

States with far better fiscal records than this—New York, Massachusetts—are at the bottom of the financial rating services' lists. Any corporate financial officer with one-tenth as big an error would be looking for a new line of work. Instead, Darman is still one of the most feared and powerful figures in the Bush White House.

Darman has been shielded from the consequences of his failure by a brain-dead opposition party, but most of all by the undeniably heady performance of George Bush and James Baker in presiding over the emergence of the U.S. as the *only* true superpower. (Yet even that success was made possible by the immense "defense dividend" of Ronald Reagan, who used a modest rise in our defense spending to leverage a huge rise in the Soviets' already backbreaking arms burden and drive that tottering economy off the cliff.)

With that kind of lift-off, coupled with a U.S. economy that grew 3.8 per cent a year right through the first quarter of 1989, the Darman–Sununu–Bush domestic agenda should have been easy: hold the line against the spenders and taxers and regulators, and ride out the decade in glorious growth.

Instead, spending and taxation have soared, regulation has exploded, and the economy on net has not grown at all since the fourth quarter of 1989. Darman may be forced next January to revise the FY1992 deficit from an already obscene $348 billion to something over $400 billion. That's 16 times as large as the FY92 forecast he made in his maiden budget voyage twenty months ago. And yet the statist-quo-minded Washington press corps has failed to mention it.

Cookie Monster

THE TENDER press treatment began in January 1990, when Darman put his special stamp of pixie sophistication on his first federal budget, with a 21-page signed "Director's Introduction" with the provocative title "Green Eyeshades and the Cookie Monster."

In it he wrote with the tone of a wry schoolmaster. "The sheer size of the budget makes it seem like a monster," he said. "It contains 190,000 accounts," and even if you reflected only a minute on each of them, it would take over a year of eight-hour days to complete this cursory review.

He attempted to lighten the discouraging task by joshing reporters with *Sesame Street* allusions suitable to their general fiscal illiteracy and naïveté: "As all monsters are, Cookie Monster is initially intimidating. His manner is gruff. His clumsiness occasionally causes damage. But quickly Cookie Monster comes to be seen as benign—indeed downright friendly. He has a few bad habits. He cannot resist gobbling up anything and everything that might be consumed—especially cookies. He is the quintessential consumer. Yet clearly he means no harm."

Darman freely admitted that while the Cookie Monster's "excessive tendencies are not exactly ennobling" at the same time "its underlying motivation is clearly not malevolent. What harm it may cause is largely unintended. Its massive presence might be understood as little more than a compilation of cookies received, cookies crumbled, and crumbs spewed forth."

Mr. Brookes is a nationally syndicated columnist for the Detroit News.

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Today, that image would be offensive to the more than eight million people who are unemployed and scrambling for the crumbs of a crumbling economy, and the more than one million manufacturing workers who have lost their jobs since that budget fiasco was written. But at the time, Darman could still afford to be flippant. The Reagan expansion was still alive (although barely) and the Gramm–Rudman–Hollings deficit reduction law was still operative and far more effective than anyone realized. GRH was enacted in 1985; by 1989, federal spending as a share of GNP had fallen from 23.9 per cent to 22.3 per cent, and the federal deficit had fallen from 5.4 per cent of GNP to 3 per cent. Outlays under the GRH regimen grew only 1.6 per cent per year in real terms. Deficits in constant dollars *fell* by 10.6 per cent per year.

A Tale of Two Budget Directors: Spending and Deficit Trends 1985–1992
(In Constant 1982 Dollars—Amounts Given in Billions)

	Spending	Percentage of GNP	Deficit	Percentage of GNP
1985	$ 849.7	23.9	$190.6	5.4
1989	909.6	22.3	121.9	3.0
1992 (projected)	1,030.0	25.0	252.1	5.9

Budget Trend

Under Miller	+1.6% per year	–10.6% per year
Under Darman	+4.3% per year	+27.4% per year

Source: Office of Management and Budget

Why the Red Ink?

FOR YEARS I have heard nothing but scorn for Reagan OMB Director James Miller's laid-back management style and rumpled-suit public-choice homiletics, but during his tenure, the U.S. had the tightest spending control in its history. By contrast the Darman performance has been a hemorrhage of red ink. (See table.)

In fairness, some of Darman's red ink was the result of the S&L crisis and of the temporary outlay connected with the Iraq crisis, although the latter costs have since been offset by inflows from our allies. Miller was also helped by the fact that federal receipts in the Reagan expansion grew 19.3 per cent in real terms from 1985 to 1989, for an average of 4.5 per cent per year. The miracle is that GRH and Miller together were able to keep Congress from spending all that revenue growth.

Revenues growing nearly three times as fast as outlays would be enough to make Wilkins Micawber crack a smile from under the green

DARMAN'S REVENGE

IN most places, a $130-billion error would earn you the boot. Washington is not most places, however, and the notion that the latest budget revisions will bring about Richard Darman's ouster is as out of kilter as Mr. Darman's original projections.

You might call this the Heartland Fallacy, or the idea that the Beltway judges success and failure by the same standards as the rest of the world. If this were true, of course, Representative Newt Gingrich (R., Ga.) would be on top today for having opposed last year's disastrous summit package and Darman would be licking his wounds for having instigated it. In fact, Darman has consolidated his grip on White House domestic policy and Gingrich is still in the doghouse.

Say what you will about justice, this is not without a perverse logic. True enough, the budget package did not bring about the deficit reduction Darman promised and Bush apparently thought was worth spending all his political capital to get. In another, more significant sense, though, both the Democrats and the Republicans got what they were really after. The Democrats got the most by inducing the President to break his "no new taxes" pledge and call into question the legitimacy of the whole Reagan decade. But George Bush got the deficit off his back, if not exactly off the ledger.

"The one thing the budget summit did was take the stuffing out of the *Washington Post* editorial page," says one top Republican. "You don't see them railing about the 'Bush deficit' these days."

No, you don't. Until Bush reneged on his tax pledge, you would have thought from reading the *Washington Post* that the federal deficit constituted the gravest menace to the American way since the Cuban Missile Crisis. The editorials of just a year ago capture the tone of impending Armageddon: "Deficitology"; "The Coming Budget Disaster"; "Yes to Taxes"; well, you get the picture. "In an uncertain time," the *Post* thundered late last August, "the government has no higher priority than to get a grip on its budget, raise taxes, and gather its financial strength for the tests ahead." Given this overriding interest in the size of the deficit, one might have thought it would still figure prominently in the editorial sights—particularly since this year's deficit is shaping up as roughly double the size of Reagan's record 1986 level of $221.2 billion. Instead, the deficit has simply dropped off the screen. A computer search of *Post* editorials containing the words "Bush" and "deficit" for 1990 turns up 59 documents. But this year the deficit has merited only 15 mentions in editorials. More striking still, since OMB's July 15 announcement of its new projections for the mother of all deficits, there has been only one *Post* editorial on the subject, and this one did not even mention Darman's mistake.

The result is that while the deficit is busy swelling to elephantine proportions, Bush is not being blamed for it. No longer is it the Bush deficit, or the Reagan deficit; now it's *our*

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eyeshade. With GRH helping Miller keep a lid on spending, he could get better results than David Stockman without being a number-crunching workaholic.

Given Miller's apparently effortless reduction of the federal presence and deficit, it was perhaps little wonder that a self-confident Darman, surveying the glittering break-up of the Old World Order and the implicit prospective decline in U.S. defense spending, should fall head over heels for Rosy Scenario. He even predicted that President Bush's "flexible freeze" would not only hold spending to 3 per cent nominal, but speed up the GRH "baseline" path to surplus by FY1993!

Admitting this was based on the then-current economic-growth scenario, he offered a "lower-growth scenario" that moved to annual deficits of $50 billion or less from 1992 through 1995. Even so, he opined from his exalted perspective that "*the consolidated federal deficit seems at worst to have stabilized.*" With a Bushy reference to the bad old Reagan years, he said, "*The pattern of continuous erosion that characterized the early and mid 1980s seems to have been broken.*"

Fortunately for his own historical excuses, Darman warned that all of this good news was "*assuming economic growth continues*," and that "growth is not automatic. It depends on growth-oriented policies being pursued not only by the Administration, but also the Congress and the Federal Reserve."

At the moment he wrote that, his Administration and the Fed were pursuing anything but "growth-oriented" policies. The Fed had an inflationary outbreak as its excuse, but the Administration was actively engaged in an expansive regulatory agenda, even as it deep-sixed the President's only growth proposal, namely to cut the capital-gains tax.

Indeed, the only "pro-growth" measure in the entire 21-page director's message was an oblique call for easier money from the Fed. The tight monetary and loose fiscal policies of the Reagan years were being traded in for the Jimmy Carter formula of loose money and more government.

Darman closed his condescending essay by suggesting: "It may be apt to view all this metaphorically as a set of children's games: the Budget as Cookie Monster; its future threatened by hidden Pacmen; its path a journey through [Congressional] Wonderland. But at some point, it is appropriate to put games aside—at least for a while. *At some point there is an obligation to be serious*. At some point, partisan posturing must yield to the responsibility to govern."

Regulatory Pacmen

UNFORTUNATELY, what the Bush Administration decided to "govern" was everything from wintertime visibility over the Grand Canyon, to the number of consecutive days of subsurface wetness in your average backyard, to the monitoring of aromatics coming out of the local dry-cleaning plant, to the asbestos levels in quarry stone . . .

deficit, and all those who have had a hand in it are thus bound by a gentleman's agreement not to bring it up. Besides, Bush is by nature loyal, and Darman has a host of excuses: the recession, the Gulf War, the S&L bailout, etc. It doesn't matter that Darman's deficit, with a tax increase and a cut in defense spending, has outdone the levels Reagan achieved with tax cuts and a tremendous defense build-up. The important thing to Bush is that the deficit-bashing has ceased.

In a curious way Darman's mistake has reinforced his position by giving him a near monopoly over what domestic policy is and what is not reconcilable with last year's accord. "We didn't get a budget package, we got a budget cabala," says one Republican official. "It's something only Darman and the Appropriations Committees can understand, only they can interpret, only they can deal with." Any new idea not to Darman's liking is immediately shot down as incompatible with the budget package.

Darman has helped himself, too, with his low profile. Even during the heat of the summit, he cagily left the cracking of Republican heads to fellow Mensan John Sununu, originally an opponent of the summit idea but a zealous convert to the cause. The upshot is that one year after Darman's summit, conservatives are angrier at their traditional ally Sununu than at their usual enemy Darman.

Unlike Sununu, too, whose pride gets the better of him, Darman hasn't rubbed his victory in. His only real mistake was the attack on Jim Pinkerton's New Paradigm speech, which ended up with Pinkerton the subject of a coveted Style-section profile and the New Paradigm transformed into a household word. Darman quickly recovered, and has even made his peace with Gingrich—ridiculed in the same speech for "the New Newtism." Gingrich is no longer calling for Darman's head. Indeed when, two months after the budget disaster, Morton Blackwell introduced a resolution before the RNC calling for Darman's resignation, Gingrich (who was unavailable for comment) helped squelch the measure before it ever came up for consideration.

With Gingrich neutralized, all the pressure on Darman ceased. The Republican leadership on the Hill—Bob Dole in the Senate and Bob Michel in the House—were on Darman's side from the beginning, as was summiteer Phil Gramm. Jack Kemp has made his strong disagreements with Darman public, but he is too far outside the inner circle to have any effect. Even Vice President Quayle and other like-minded conservatives at this point have more or less resigned themselves to events; there's only so long they can go on flogging a dead horse. And so in proportion as the economy sours and the Republicans retreat back into being the party of it-can't-be-done, Darman prospers, if only by neglect.

"Despite the obvious failings of the budget deal, Darman's still there and seems to be filling a vacuum," says Representative Dick Armey (R., Tex.), leader of the House Republican revolt against the tax hike. "But he ought to realize he's dodged a bullet."

—WILLIAM MCGURN

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Last June, Melinda Warren of the Center for the Study of American Business (CSAB) concluded: "Whether measured in current dollars or 'real terms,' federal governmental spending on regulation is at its highest level in history and rising rapidly. . . . After a dramatic reduction in force in the early Reagan years . . . the regulatory personnel count is eclipsing the 1980 high-water mark." (See table.)

After the Reagan Administration spent seven years cutting rule-making from 90,000 pages a year in the Federal Register back to less than 55,000, the curve was once again rising toward 70,000 pages. The biggest reason for this explosion? "Environmental regulation has grown at an astounding rate . . . now comprising 38 per cent of the entire regulatory budget . . . the EPA budget has increased by 31 per cent in the last three years and staffing at this agency has expanded by 23 per cent."

Recently we had lunch with one of Bush's top White House advisors and asked him who was responsible for this regulatory explosion. His answer was quick and short: "Darman. When Stockman and Miller were here, would-be regulators faced a fight over every new rule in terms of costs versus benefits. But Darman doesn't care. He just isn't interested."

That's not entirely true. When we interviewed Darman in March 1990 on the subject of estimating health and environmental risks, we found him better informed on this subject than any other government official we had ever talked with. He told us: "It is increasingly obvious that one of the greatest dangers of the 1990s is our increasing scientific capacity to discover and define ever diminishing levels of risk. This, combined with our society's apparent willingness to place an infinite value on each human life, is bound to lead to investing more and more resources on smaller and smaller risks with less and less real return in actual risk reduction or health improvement."

Since 1986, the average cost per cancer risk averted by EPA rules has escalated from some $440 million to more than $2 billion, with recent regulations under the Resources Conservation and Recovery Act reaching the astonishing level of $204 billion per single cancer risk. Darman knows this. In the FY92 budget he cites a 1990 rule on Hazardous Waste Listings for Wood Preserving Chemicals, where the EPA itself admitted the cost per cancer risk avoided was $5.7 *trillion*.

Yet not only did Darman sit idly by while Robert Grady, his OMB deputy on the environment, helped drive through a Clean Air Act whose $40-billion annual costs outweigh benefits by at least 1,000 to 1, and whose actual health gains will be unmeasurably small, but he has allowed Congress to neuter his Office of Information and Regulatory Affairs (OIRA), which is supposed to be the "risk budgeter." While George Bush took pride in his own 1981–88 role in using OIRA to reduce regulation, OIRA's influence almost disappeared for two crucial years under Darman.

Why did Darman permit this? He told us in March 1990 that he had deliberately cut back OIRA's role to avoid confrontation in the budget process. "I have taken some pains not to allow OIRA to be used as a delaying tactic." Darman was defeatist about "how easily the regulatory agencies can beat the process. Again and again they will get court orders generated by third parties—advocacy groups—to which they have already leaked their proposed regulation. By the time we get a regulatory proposal we already have a court order demanding review and clearance within 24 hours!"

That didn't faze David Stockman. One White House source says, "I remember seeing [EPA Administrator] Bill Ruckelshaus come out of Stockman's office practically wringing his hands in frustration because he couldn't handle Stockman's knowledge of the cost–benefit issues."

Fortunately, in late 1990 Vice President Dan Quayle, with Al Hubbard and Dave McIntosh of his Competitiveness Council, stepped in and put OIRA back into the process, stopping one cockamamie regulation after another, forcing the EPA to justify the unjustifiable.

But by that time, most of the regulatory horses were out of the barn and running amok. Even as he was urging a "growth agenda" Darman was giving up on perhaps the most crucial aspect of that agenda, the restraint on government regulation—the "Management" part of the OMB title.

October Surprise

THE DANGER of being intellectually gifted (as Darman surely is) is that you can be tempted to think you are wise, too; in Darman's case, wise enough to do what no budget director had ever done before—namely, to negotiate with Congress to cut spending more than you raise taxes. If Darman had read even slightly in the literature of "public choice" economics, if he had understood even a scintilla of what Jim Miller understood, he would never have embarked on the disastrous course he launched in February 1990, which led to last October's debacle.

It began with his admission that the 1991 deficit would not be the $63 billion he had so blithely predicted in January 1990, but over $318 billion, and the 1992 deficit would not be the $25 billion he had forecast in his "Cookie Monster" budget but $281 billion. That's a lot of cookies.

It continued surreptitiously with the March 11 *Washington Post* proposal by his close friend, House Ways and Means Chairman Dan Rostenkowski, to "solve" the deficit crisis. Rostenkowski's plan, a $500-billion, five-year package of taxes and spending cuts, looks so much like the final October outcome that many believe it was secretly designed by Darman himself. It included $196 billion in new

Is Bush Reregulating?

	Regulatory Personnel	Regulatory Administrative Costs (Constant 1982 dollars)
1970	71,233	$3.335 billion
1980	121,670	7.355 billion
1990	114,591	8.542 billion
1992	122,406	9.125 billion
Annual Percentage Change		
1970–80	+5.5	+8.3
1980–90	–0.6	+1.5
1990–92	+3.3	+3.4

Source: Center for Study of American Business
Drawn from federal budgets

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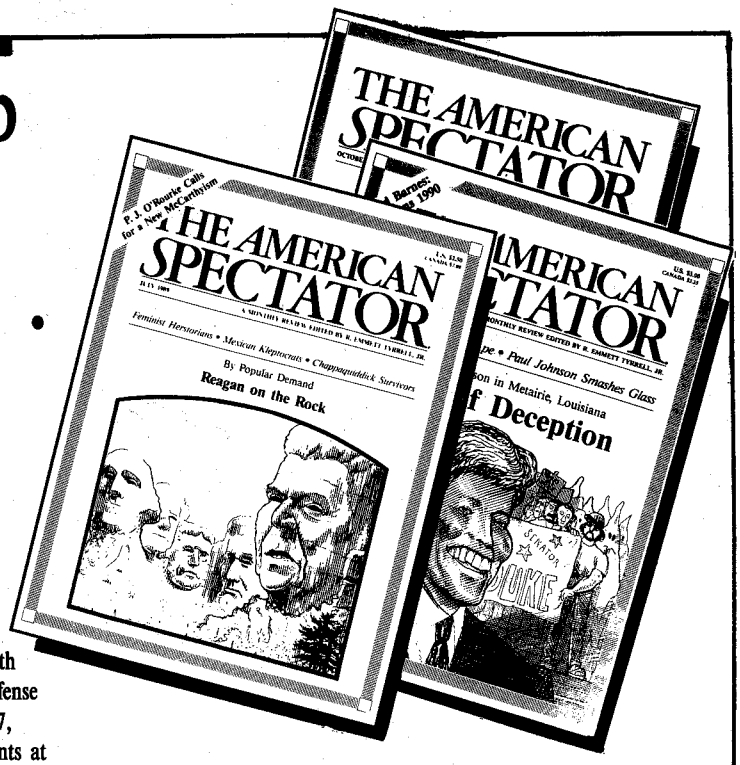
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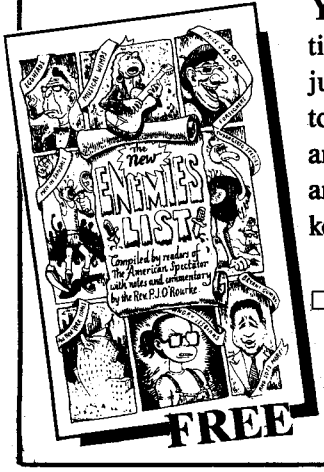

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taxes, and $319 billion in "spending restraints." The final October compromise had $163 billion in higher taxes and $334 billion in alleged spending "cuts." The Rosty plan called for getting rid of the "tax bubble" and raising the rates on the rich. The final plan simply moved the bubble above the congressional pay level, and raised effective top rates from 31 per cent to as much as 35 per cent. Chairman Rostenkowski called for higher gasoline taxes (we got them), cutting defense spending 3 per cent a year in real terms (we got that), and freezing entitlement cost-of-living indexation (we didn't get that, naturally).

While Democrats immediately and publicly ran from Rosty's "bold" proposal, the Administration treated it kindly and gently until, by May 1, Darman was telling his friendly statists at Harvard's Kennedy School of Government that it was time to confront the deficit with "real risk-taking." It was vintage Darman, and it set the President up for the final slide to domestic-policy irrelevance.

One week later, on May 8, President Bush agreed to a "no-preconditions budget summit" to begin on May 15, with Darman now openly warning of fiscal and economic catastrophe if some grand compromise was not reached.

The Democrats were no fools. They pretended to negotiate but in fact held out until they got what they wanted, when Bush formally abandoned his "no new taxes" pledge and, by doing so, dashed realistic Republican hopes for congressional gains in November.

When even that failed to produce any budget compromise movement, Darman pushed up the "midsession budget review" by a month, and on July 15 predicted that without a budget compromise Congress would face a $105-billion spending "sequester" under GRH. He provided a book full of detail as to what this cut would mean to every congressional district, saying, "Unless we get a credible and enforceable five-year plan of $450 to $500 billion, the sequester will take effect. That is the law. We will obey the law."

This frightened Republicans as much as Democrats, and despite the brief revolt led by House Minority Whip Newt Gingrich it cast the die for the final October 29 agreement that was hailed as a "dramatic achievement" by both the White House and Democratic leaders on Capitol Hill. Unfortunately that assessment was based on the rosiest scenario yet presented. It forecast a five-year deficit of $546.5 billion from 1991 through 1995, a reduction of $497 billion from the midsession forecast of $1,044 billion.

But the forecast deliberately ignored the three most fundamental lessons of Washington fiscal history: first, that every tax increase will slow down the economy and revenue growth, making the deficit worse; second, that historically every dollar of higher federal taxes has been accompanied by at least $1.22 in higher spending; and third, that every budget summit, without exception, has produced *higher* deficits, not lower ones.

In short, the Darman Grand Design was a grand delusion from the get-go. By January Darman was forced to admit the five-year deficit had risen to $865.4 billion, meaning that $319 billion or 64 per cent of the "deficit reduction" had already disappeared.

In the same month, Washington policy economists Gary and Aldona Robbins published a paper for the National Center for Policy Analysis predicting the five-year deficit figure would be $1,045.2 billion. Darman made them prophets in July 1991, when he admitted in the midsession budget revisions that the five-year figure was now $1,086.5 billion. Less than ten months after the deficit-reduction agreement, the whole reduction and then some had disappeared in new red ink, exactly as the Robbinses had forecast.

If two economists working without armies of number crunchers can tell you within 4 per cent what the revised figure will be, while the director of OMB was still denying it, then it's clear Darman isn't any better at the "Budget" side of his office than he has been in "Management."

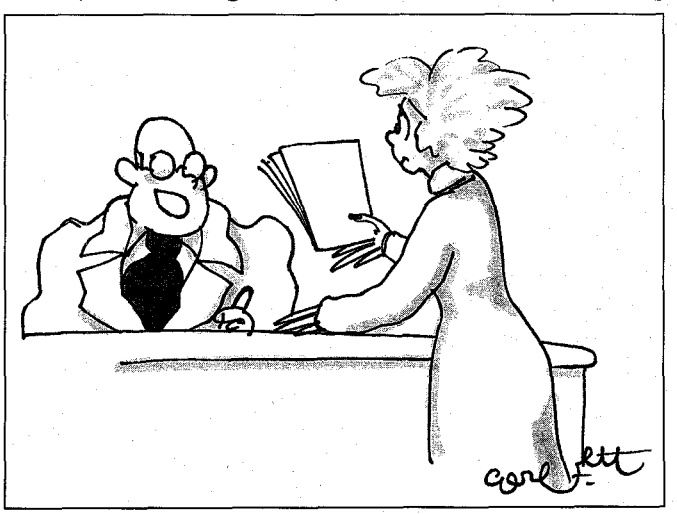
Why Is Darman Still Here?

DARMAN SURVIVES because he understands that the national media never cared a fig about the deficit except as an excuse to raise taxes and spending. As soon as both were raised, the deficit disappeared as an issue.

As David Rosenbaum wrote in the July 14 *New York Times*, just a year ago, when the FY91 deficit was projected at $231 billion, Darman warned that "drastic consequences would occur if a way could not be found to reduce that deficit." Now, looking at an FY92 deficit $118 billion higher, Rosenbaum observed: "Nobody seems to care. The economists and political scientists who filled the nation's op-ed pages last year with doomsday columns about the dangers of the deficit have turned their attention elsewhere." Most of all, the deficit was used as the weapon to savage the Reagan tax cuts as "huge giveaways to the rich," and to force Republican retreat on the top income-tax rates as the painless solution to the deficit.

The problem with such notions is revealed by facts that the Bush folks, including Darman, strangely never mention: from 1981 to 1988, when the top tax rate fell from 70 per cent to 28 per cent (31 per cent for the "bubble"), tax revenues actually paid by the top 5 per cent rose by 50 per cent in real terms, more than twice as fast as they rose from 1974 to 1981, when all effective rates were *rising*.

More important, when the 1986 tax reform lowered the top rate from 50 to 28 per cent in return for massive reductions in tax loopholes, revenues from the rich soared at their fastest rate in history. In 1988, total income



"Nonsense—a day late and a dollar short is excellent *for government work!"*

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taxes rose a surprising 12.7 per cent, or nearly $47 billion. Of that increase, $36 billion, or 77 per cent, was paid by the top 2.3 per cent of all taxpayers. Amazingly, $19.4 billion of that, or 41 per cent, was paid by the 65,000 taxpayers with incomes over $1 million, only 0.06 per cent of the taxpayers. It would be impossible to construct a more "progressive" outcome.

In short, lowering rates on the topmost brackets massively stimulated the movement of income out of unproductive shelters back into the productive and taxpaying economic base, just exactly as the Reagan economists had predicted. That brilliant demonstration of the Laffer Curve in action had no impact on the budgeteers. Instead, they invented one lie after another to turn its message upside down. In the process they dismantled the central plank of tax reform, namely getting rid of distorting shelters in return for lower rates. Now the shelters are sure to return as the lobbies are already lining up.

Those who think the Democrats are really worried about any of this are as ill informed about the Washington political pathology as Darman apparently is. As far as the House and Senate leaders are concerned, they got exactly what they wanted. They got President Bush to break his political promise. They got a roll-back of the Reagan tax cuts, and an open assault on capital formation and wealth creation.

In short, they made fools of this Administration on the domestic front. With Darman's help, they have unraveled the Reagan Revolution in just two years, and have emasculated the conservative free-market, low-tax, low-regulation agenda.

That's why—despite some grumbling, so as not to give away the show—Dick Darman still enjoys strong support in the only place that impresses the Bushies, the Washington media, where statism and government are the only game in town, and the Cookie Monster always wins. □

Judge Thomas and Natural Law

NOT ABOVE THE LAW

Does believing in natural law mean you can ignore the Constitution?

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

HAVING favorably mentioned natural law and natural rights in his speeches, Clarence Thomas was grilled suspiciously by the Senate Judiciary Committee. Chairman Biden orated, saying nothing wrong, nothing new, and nothing original (what did you expect?) about natural law, yet, ever so glancingly, suggesting that there might be something odd about Judge Thomas's crediting it. The judge had to explain that he thought natural law contributed to the principles underlying our Constitution (the Framers actually said so) although, as a judge, he realizes that his obligation is to follow the positive law—the actual Constitution—whether it springs from natural law or not. Judge Thomas might have added that, if cases could be decided by natural law, positive (legislated) law, such as the Constitution, would be redundant.

The natural-law tradition comes to us from the Greeks (Sophocles' tragedy *Antigone* dramatizes a conflict between natural law, embodied in the individual conscience, and the positive law of Creon's government) and was elaborated by Roman lawyers such as Cicero. Medieval scholastics, such as Thomas Aquinas, held that natural law is binding on all men, because it is known by the light of reason alone. In contrast, divine law binds only the faithful, to whom it has been revealed. Natural law was thought to be prior to all positive law, immutable and inalienable. Positive legislation, when inconsistent with natural law, was deemed invalid. This conception often has been the basis of civil disobedience and conscientious objection. It is at once the strength and the weakness of natural law that the individual conscience, not the courts, determines what its commands are.

As Judge Thomas pointed out, it was natural law (via John Locke) that inspired the Framers to declare: "All men are created equal." Here, however, an insurmountable difficulty, inherent in natural law, in natural rights, and in human rights (all of which mean pretty much the same thing), manifests itself. Just as some philosophers inferred from natural law that slavery is wrong, others, particularly in antiquity (Aristotle among them), found that slavery is justified by natural law. Just as some will deduce from natural law that women are equal to men and ought to be treated as equals, others concluded that women are inferior and should be subordinated to men. Similarly, capital punishment can be opposed or supported on natural-law grounds. In effect, natural law does not resolve controversies. Rather, it supplies dubious arguments to both sides.

Historically, natural rights, derived from natural law, have been used to bolster the consciences of opponents of oppressive and inhuman positive laws. Further, where there was no government to legislate—in international matters—Jean Bodin and Hugo Grotius fashioned widely accepted laws, or norms, based on their convictions about what nature demands from nations.

Why Obey?

IF WE could agree on what natural law wants us to do, why should we do it? From a religious viewpoint the answer is clear: we owe obedience to God, whether He reveals His wishes in Scripture, or in nature. But our Constitution does not presume, or require, belief in God. Without Him, why obey nature and its laws? When we cannot act otherwise there obviously is no problem. But nature (including human nature) often

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presents more than one possibility. If we have a choice, why should we obey nature—even if we were certain of what it prescribes (we hardly ever are)? Without God, why should nature have any prescriptive authority? We can live or commit suicide; we can murder our children or not; we can engage in heterosexual or homosexual sex or neither. We can have slavery or not. Nature makes all this possible. There are good moral arguments, let alone religious and legal ones, for one course or the other; but they do not depend on nature.

For judges, moral arguments, whether based on any version of natural law or not, become relevant only when the positive law gives no clear guidance. They must then resort to general principles generally accepted. Labeling these principles as natural helps little. Unfortunately, positivists, such as Oliver Wendell Holmes and Robert Bork, while correctly pointing out that natural-law ideas only seem to address the problem, cannot themselves offer a solution either. However, it is hard to refute Robert Bork's argument that, since the Constitution nowhere mentions sexual or reproductive privacy, the Supreme Court had no legal basis—at least as far as privacy is concerned—for depriving the states of the right to continue to regulate these matters. Where the Constitution is silent the Court should not speak. Without a constitutional mandate to the contrary, it is for legislators to fill the lacunae left by existing laws, not for judges. Gaps are inherent in any legal system. The Framers could not legislate for situations they could not foresee. That is why Congress and state legislatures are continuously needed. The Court should not preempt their legislative functions.

Judge Thomas has sworn, and, if confirmed, will swear again, to follow the Constitution and the (positive) laws—not to make up either. There is no reason to doubt him. Whatever he thinks of God or natural law as inspirations for legislators and judges, he has given no indication that he will be guided in his decisions by anything but positive law. If belief in inspiration by natural law were to disqualify him, so would belief in inspiration by God. We could only have atheists as judges. I do not think this would improve the judiciary. □

Quis Custodiet?

THE REAL SCANDAL

Democrats are outraged at Republicans over BCCI. Is sanctimony the first refuge of the guilty?

ROBERT STOWE ENGLAND

SENATOR John Kerry (D., Mass.) is currently a Washington hero for uncovering the nefarious deeds of the Bank of Credit and Commerce International. The villains—the folks being investigated in Congress and savaged in the press—are Justice Department and Federal Reserve functionaries who supposedly failed to crack down on the bank.

But how heroic is Senator Kerry really? When his investigation got too close, BCCI shut it down with relative ease. How it did so illustrates something about how Washington works.

In 1988, Panamanian defector José Blandón, formerly Manuel Noriega's right-hand man, testified that Colombian drug money was being laundered by BCCI in Panama and the United States. Kerry's subcommittee—the Senate Foreign Relations subcommittee on terrorism, narcotics, and international operations—voted to subpoena BCCI's records on its Panama operations and summon BCCI officials to testify. Had the investigation proceeded with appropriate speed, BCCI might have been shut down three years ago—with many millions of depositors' money saved.

But there were two major delays. The first has been well publicized. Congressional action was postponed several months to avoid compromising a Customs–Justice Department undercover investigation of the bank's money laundering. That investigation duly produced eight arrests of BCCI employees in Tampa in October 1988.

The second delay was more serious and less justified. When subpoenas were issued to bring documents and witnesses before the committee, Clark Clifford—Democratic elder statesman, sometime lawyer for BCCI, and Chairman of First American (a U.S. bank secretly and illegally owned by BCCI)—took evasive action. In August of 1988, he convinced Senate Foreign Relations Committee Chairman Claiborne Pell (D., R.I.) to extend the subpoena deadline. Next, he visited Kerry, shortly before hearings were due to begin in September. Kerry's office claims Clifford simply assured the senator that BCCI was squeaky clean and happy to cooperate. Even if that were so, Kerry should have challenged the claim in light of Blandón's testimony and reports his staff had collected about BCCI's ownership of First American.

In any case, after Clifford's visit, Kerry canceled the planned hearings; they were never rescheduled. The following spring, for reasons which are still mysterious, Kerry dismissed Jack Blum, his chief investigator. Blum—a portly fifty-year-old attorney, a veteran of the Senate's ITT–Chile investigation of the Seventies, variously described by co-workers of both parties as a Sherlock Holmes and an Inspector Clouseau—went on to help Manhattan District Attorney Robert Morgenthau break the BCCI case.

John Kerry is an ambitious man. Had he kept the investigation alive, it would have boosted his career tremendously. Instead, for over two years he made desultory attempts to get First American to deliver the subpoenaed documents. Only when other investigators—the Federal Reserve and the Bank of England as well as Morgenthau—came out with fines and indictments did he manage to hold further hearings, in August of 1991. Why did Kerry drop the ball?

Mr. England is a reporter based in the Washington area.

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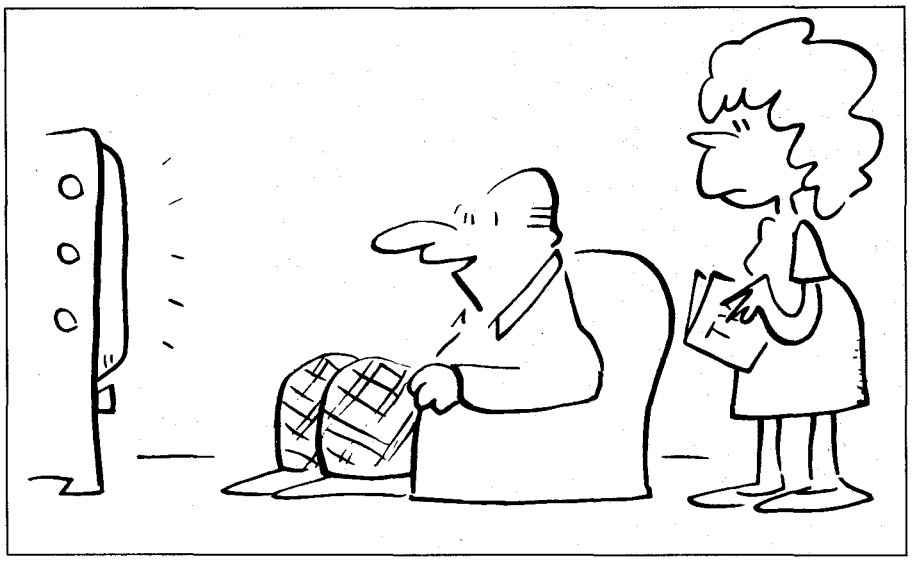

"Congressional hearings? I thought I was watching a Get Smart *rerun!"*

From the beginning, Kerry seemed to view his subcommittee's investigations as a political football. When he brought Blum on board in early 1987, he was probing for evidence of drug-running by the anti-Communist Nicaraguan resistance. Geryld Christianson, Claiborne Pell's chief staffer for the Foreign Relations Committee, says that though Pell had "a philosophical aversion to having investigations done by his committee," he agreed to fund Kerry's probe to see "whether or not President Reagan may have been suppressing law enforcement for foreign-policy considerations."

Kerry and Blum spent a year tracking down every leftist conspiracy theory along these lines, including the bizarre claims, emanating from the far-Left Christic Institute, of a thirty-year CIA-run drug ring that virtually controls the U.S. Government. The claims would later be smirked at even by *Mother Jones*. Having spent over a hundred thousand dollars to bring an assortment of Latin American rogues and Communists to Washington, to absolutely no avail, Kerry was becoming a laughing-stock, attacked by Republican subcommittee members like Mitch McConnell (R., Ky.) for irresponsible partisan use of the constitutional investigative powers, and losing the respect and trust of his own party.

This is not how congressional investigations are supposed to work. According to the conventional scenario, based on Watergate, the bizarre accusations and questionable testimony are picked up by the press, repeated, perhaps even substantiated. The committee's subpoena power and the press's lack of responsibility combine for maximum information gathering or innuendo mongering, while the committee's official imprimatur and the press's nominal objectivity lend credibility to the allegations. But Kerry had chased rumors too absurd even for Washington. In a city where appearance is all, this is fatal.

In part, Kerry had fallen prey to the intrinsic problem of conspiracy theories: the overwhelming majority of them are not true, and Occam's Razor will reject the true-but-improbable along with the false. A good investigator is part genius, part crank: to ferret out one genuine conspiracy, he will pursue a thousand imagined ones. Jack Blum fits the bill.

Flights of Fancy

BLUM AND Kerry now decided to switch the focus of the investigation. Blum finally listened to the staff of Senator Jesse Helms (R., N.C.), who say they had been steering him away from the Christic lunacy and toward investigations which they had been engaged in, and which Senator Christopher Dodd (D., Conn.) declined to pursue when the Democrats gained control of the Senate in 1986. It was these staffers who put him in touch with José Blandón. In other words, the only real breakthrough John Kerry ever provided on BCCI was actually supplied to him by the Left's *bête noire*, Jesse Helms.

With their funds and credibility running out, Blum and Kerry now scheduled hearings with Blandón—and they struck paydirt, linking Noriega to the Colombian cocaine cartels. They only incidentally stumbled on BCCI, the middleman. More enticing was other testimony linking Noriega to the CIA—which all good conspiracy theorists know is linked to George Bush. Pell duly authorized Kerry's investigations for another year.

Later, when the hearings began to go the wrong way, Pell shut them down. Geryld Christianson faults Blum for this. He blames Blum for delaying the subpoenas for four months (as requested by the Justice Department), pointing out that he and Pell only gave BCCI a one-month extension. Anyway, how long can you drag investigations out? "Someone like Jack would still be investigating today because he would get sidetracked." On the other hand, says Christianson, "if some vital earth-shaking revelation had been produced by Blum's investigation, Senator Pell would have extended it" for another budget year. A reasonable interpretation is that Pell was willing to reauthorize hearings in 1988 because any charge could be believed of Reagan, Bush, and the Contras. Not so of BCCI and Clark Clifford in 1989.

Meanwhile, Blum *did* get somewhere by proceeding on his own. According to documents filed in Miami Federal District Court, at the time Kerry canceled the September 1988 hearings, Blum had enough to make Clark Clifford very nervous indeed. Noriega's banker, Amjad Awan of BCCI's Tampa branch, told an undercover Customs agent that Clifford and/or his partner, Robert Altman, persuaded and aided him to attempt to leave the country to avoid a subpoena. Before Awan could leave, he was caught by the October 1988 Customs–Justice sting against BCCI/Tampa. Clifford and Altman have denied telling Awan to flee (obstructing a congressional investigation would constitute a felony).

Kerry's justification to Blum for canceling those hearings, says Blum, was that partisan politics would paralyze the committee during an election year: "with Noriega as a major issue in the presidential campaign, Senator Kerry thought the political environment was too tough." But this explanation is feeble: not only was Noriega never a major campaign issue, but Kerry's probe was becoming bipartisan, the

(Continues on page 48)

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Breaking Ranks

WALTER OLSON

"I GOT into law school because I am black." Stephen Carter isn't just grabbing our attention by opening his first chapter that way; he wants to cut through the pretense. He doesn't see any point in denying that elite American universities and employers admit on a racial curve. He's not impressed by activists who want "simultaneously to insist that racial preferences be preserved and to force the world to pretend that no one benefits from them."

Carter's experience won't let him pretend. He recalls how Harvard first turned down his application because, as one official candidly put it, "we assumed from your record that you were white," then switched to frantic wooing when it discovered "additional information that should have been counted in your favor"—namely, "the color of my skin."

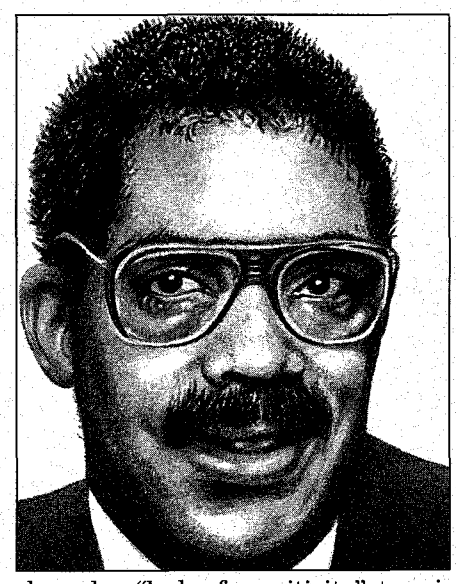
Instead he went to Yale; having graduated from the law school, he became a professor there, and got tenure at a precocious age. Star minority candidates, it seems, are the targets not only of cultlike love-bombing from recruiters but also of bidding wars that can bring them bigger pay packets than similar white scholars may expect. At least at places like Yale, "race continues to add value in the hiring process. The value is often reflected, as values in a market generally are, by a price tag."

Reflections of an Affirmative Action Baby, by Stephen L. Carter (Basic Books, 286 pp., $22.95)

That's the up side, or part of it, for the intended beneficiary. Part of the down side is that certain things are expected of your writing and thinking. Carter gets letters addressed "Dear Minority Colleague" presuming that he holds correct positions on various controversies. People seem surprised, if not cheated, to find that his main research interests—separation of powers, patent and copyright law, and the legal status of religion—have little to do with race.

Mr. Olson, a Senior Fellow at the Manhattan Institute, is the author of The Litigation Explosion *(Dutton/Truman Talley).*

Not that he can avoid the subject. At one point a white colleague he hadn't met sent him a draft of a planned article charging that Carter's writings showed a "lack of sensitivity" to minority concerns. On learning that Carter was black, the critic simply dropped the attack from the final draft rather than amplify or defend it. "In his eyes, my blackness evidently provided an immunity from the charge."



Bonnie Gardner

It may not provide him with a similar immunity when it comes to the recriminations of his fellow blacks. Already Harvard psychologist Alvin Poussaint has declared that if Carter feels uneasy with racial preferences, as by the evidence of this book he does, he should quit his Yale post so it can be filled by someone with fewer qualms. (The *New York Times* letters section seems to serve as a sort of bulletin board for resignation calls these days, having also recently run Joyce Carol Oates's curt demand that Joseph Epstein, accused of improper witticisms, step down as editor of *The American Scholar*.)

The ultimate dread of someone in Carter's position is being labeled a "black conservative," which seems tantamount these days to being drummed out of the race. He has seen it happen: to Glenn Loury (called "treasonous" by Benjamin Hooks); to Shelby Steele ("a basket case," according to Amiri Baraka, who finds even Spike Lee a sellout); to William Lucas (merely "biologically black," in Representative John Conyers's revealing phrase); to Clarence Thomas (pick your own calumny from this morning's paper); and, of course, to Thomas Sowell (worse, Carl Rowan suggested, than Vidkun Quisling). Such dissenters may not have a bright future in tomorrow's academy: Harvard law professor Derrick Bell warns that "the ends of diversity are not served by people who look black and think white."

Precisely because Carter feels a sense of racial solidarity, he writes with feeling on how hurtful such charges can be. Winning the esteem of (some) whites, he says, may be no great consolation for being ostracized by the equivalent of one's own family. Unfortunately, "while there is a magnificent tradition of black intellectual dissent in the U.S. there is no comparable tradition of black intellectual tolerance; our history as a people has been to cast out those whose views make us uncomfortable."

If it will help spare him such casting out, it may be worth noting that Carter, like Steele, disavows the conservative label, and it's not for the rest of us to pin it on him. True, he has spoken at gatherings of the Federalist Society, and he quotes Clarence Thomas at sympathetic length here. Even more tantalizing, he departs from Left orthodoxy on some important issues in constitutional law. But none of that is really incompatible with the role of open-minded liberal.

When you get right down to it, Carter's views on Topic A will strike many conservatives as unsatisfactory. He favors efforts in Congress to shift burdens of proof onto employers accused of misdeeds. And he seems to think

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that even if the recruitment and admission stages are stacked, things can be put right—perhaps already have been—by insisting that applicants sink or swim once they reach the classroom or workplace. Thus he dismisses as "rather silly" the old chestnut about whether you'd choose to be sawn open by a surgeon who benefited from affirmative action, saying the real question is not whether he deserved to get into med school, but how he did once he got there.

But it's not so silly. Universities face legal pressure to retain as well as admit minorities, which can mean pressure to grade leniently and dispense with other barriers to the granting of the eventual license or diploma. New York's Baruch College, which mostly admits far-from-privileged kids but is tough in its grading, got in trouble for this—paradoxically being threatened with loss of accreditation for *not* lowering its standards. Similar retention-and-promotion pressures apply at later stages of training; if med schools are an exception, they're an unusual one.

And is it really an "insult" and "demeaning," as Carter thinks, for hiring committees to draw up separate lists of minority candidates? Or just an entirely predictable response to today's legal demands? In general, for a law professor, Carter has oddly little to say about the role of law suits. This is, after all, not mostly a matter of blundering good will. It is a matter of force and confiscation. The affirmative-action system is run by threats to inflict pain and expense, to subpoena records of the tenure meeting and grill the co-workers in harrowing depositions. It has little to do with racial amity. It is litigation.

Even when not convincing, Carter is cautious and wants to be fair to both sides; the corresponding defect is an overdrawing of distinctions, so that his best insights tend to be preceded by a hem and followed by a haw. In his more inhibited moods he can come up with more hedges than the Hampton Court maze, and more on-the-other-hands than the six-armed Shiva. The pace picks up when he moves from abstraction to factual circumstance, as in his personal recollections and some brief but intriguing passages on black intellectual history.

What stands out most brightly, in fact, is Carter's affection for freedom of thought. People overcome racialism when they come to value something else more; in Carter's case that something is everyone's latent power "to use rational faculties to distinguish wisdom from folly." It doesn't take a white or a black mind to explode a fallacy; it takes a mind.

That is why Carter scorns the "diversity" notion that black thinkers can contribute insights that whites could never reach on their own, the claim to "speak, in effect, in a language that others cannot hope to understand." As he points out, this is an assertion that implies its humiliating converse. And it is why he opposes the "temptation to try to make the world shut up" by deploying campus speech codes against unwanted opinion. He considers it "another sign that we are losing the moral high ground, for there was a time when the civil-rights movement had no reluctance to debate."

The rest of us should wish him well in his call for "an end to the enforced isolation of dissenting black intellectuals"; there will be plenty of time to thrash out our disagreements after tongues are untied. □

The Wasteland

NEAL B. FREEMAN

Fred Carlson

HOMER SIMPSON, the sage of Hollywood, had it right when he said, "The answers to life's problems aren't at the bottom of a bottle. They're on TV." Life's problems are laid out between the first and second commercial breaks and answered before the last. The whole process takes 27 minutes or, for those with "long form" endurance, just under 54. The experience is so satisfying that the average American household watches television more than seven hours a day, 365 days a year. And so we have, after two hundred years of melting-pot and constitutional debate blending and regional frottage, filed a hard edge on the American identity: we are a nation of people who watch television.

The distinguished firm of Lichter, Lichter & Rothman has made a cottage industry of telling us in social-scientific detail what we already knew in anecdotal outline. Their first book, *The Media Elite*, appeared in 1986 and confirmed many of our suspicions about the news media. (Liberal, boomer-yuppie, moral blind spots in the expected configuration.) The third and final book in the series, *Elites in Conflict*, will be published next year and promises a summary of their work since the late Seventies. The present volume, *Watching America*, is a study of prime-time television, the hours between eight and eleven each night.

Watching America: What Television Tells Us about Our Lives, by S. Robert Lichter, Linda S. Lichter, and Stanley Rothman (Prentice Hall, 322 pp., $24.95)

The authors' thesis is that, while television began as an agent of social control, it has become an agent of social change. That is to say that where television once legitimized authority, as in *Father Knows Best*, it now undermines it, as in *Miami Vice*. To support this notion, *Watching America* relies on content analysis of hundreds of prime-time programs selected randomly from prime-time logs of the last thirty years. The principal characters in prime-time America emerge quickly and repeatedly from the data, and they will come as no surprise even to

Mr. Freeman is Chairman of The Blackwell Corporation, a television production company in Washington, D.C.

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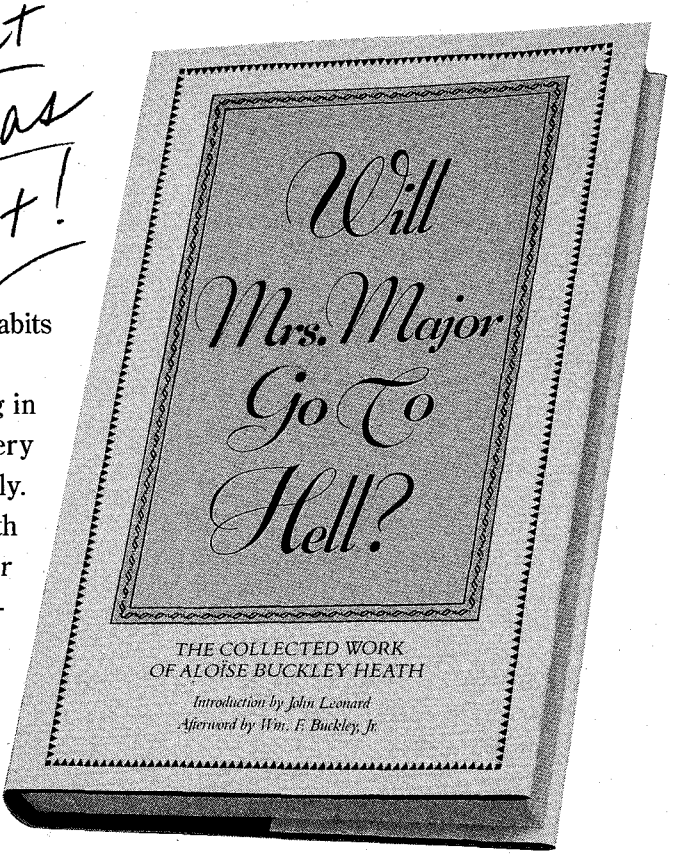
Will Mrs. Major Go To Hell?
THE COLLECTED WORK OF ALOÏSE BUCKLEY HEATH
Introduction by John Leonard
Afterword by Wm. F. Buckley, Jr.

Here is what the "Book-of-the-Month Club News" said about **Will Mrs. Major Go to Hell?** when it was first published:

> "It may be the warmest, funniest book about suburban family life since *Please Don't Eat the Daisies*, and it suggests that a true talent was lost when Mrs. Heath died at the untimely age of 48. She was one of ten children and had ten of her own, which helps explain why she was busy. The picture she gives of the way her family lived is both touching and hilarious, and she also casts a wry glance at the social scene in such pieces as one entitled 'Ladies Month in the Slicks,' wherein she notes, regarding the suggestion that harried housewives be given a paid-up charm course for Christmas. 'This gift had better be limited to harried housewives you know very well indeed.'"

...and we honestly can't remember when we've seen a more tender, poignant collection of stories. The late Aloïse Buckley Heath (William F. Buckley Jr.'s sister) wrote some absolutely priceless things about her own family, and the early days of *National Review*, plus some marvelously funny satirical observations on our contemporary habits and institutions.

There is something in this book to please every member of your family. You'll meet all the Heath children and encounter with them such American institutions as the New Math and the episode of the riotous carpool.

Don't miss her wonderfully entertaining views on soap operas or her recollections as an inadvertent fund-raiser (successful and highly unorthodox) for Smith College. Her Christmas stories are authentic classics, especially the Heaths' version of a Trapp Family Christmas.

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those of you who live in substandard television housing. They include:

The businessman as hard-core criminal. Of all prime-time programs treating business themes, 89 per cent depict businessmen as corrupt or dishonest. (In that shrinking part of your life when you are *not* watching television, how many business executives do you know who a) keep firearms handy at the office, b) are spotted leaving the apartments of dead topless dancers, or c) carry briefcases with a street value of $800,000?)

The government official as venal, obstructive manipulator. Politicians are crooks or jerks. Everybody knows that. The occasional good-government type is almost always a maverick, forced outside the system to do what's right. The prototype here was *Quincy*, starring Jack Klugman as a medical examiner who, week after week, had to straighten out his fog-bound superiors. We've come a long way from *Dragnet.*

The sexual adventurer as cool guy. In one of the great stats sprinkled through this book—many plausible but hard to verify—we are told that the average television viewer sees "14,000 instances of sexual material" each year. Certainly most of those instances involve people not married to each other. In one sub-study for this book, the authors counted extramarital to marital sex scenes in the ratio of 7 to 1. The ratio would surely be even more lopsided in that Indy 500 of sexual adventure, *Dallas.* In that series, J. R. Ewing slept with his wife only for the sake of variety, and then usually over her hysterical objections.

The professional as sharing, selfless person who serves humanity. Doctors, teachers, lawyers, social workers, and journalists command the respect of prime-time TV. By a ratio of 59 to 23, the images of people in these jobs are emphatically positive. Television is not so sure about scientists. Almost one in five commits a felonious crime, making them along with corporate executives the most dangerous group in all of TV America. And that's plenty dangerous: television characters, for instance, are murdered at a rate one thousand times higher than real people, with 75 per cent of the murders committed by middle-aged perps, 90 per cent by whites. (The FBI reports that 60 per cent of those arrested for murder are under the age of thirty, and 47 per cent are black.)

The minority as guiltless victim. Hollywood was politically correct before New Haven. But, here and there, a fragment of consciousness remains unraised. TV Hispanics, for example, commit twice as many crimes as any other ethnic group. (I hear a letterhead in formation.) TV Hispanics commit even more crimes, in fact, than do TV cops, who are disciplined by the real enforcers of the criminal-justice system, private eyes. Prime-time television is of course almost undeviatingly feminist. The authors fix the ratio at 71 to 7.

What it all adds up to, after a felicitous sifting of the data, is more ringing confirmation than fresh insight. Most of us are familiar with the social and political lessons that prime-time television has been trying to teach us these many years. What we need to know now is whether the citizen-students have been listening, learning, and changing their behavior. On that point—and I would say on only that point—*Watching America* is disappointing. If you accept the leftist critique, you see network television as the tool of the elites, shoring up the status quo while staving off the disestablished. From the Right, it is easy to see television as an acidic agent eating away at the base of traditional society. From Lichter, Lichter & Rothman one had reason to hope for something more of an answer than, "The question remains open." □

God and Caesar

ROBERT ROYAL

Tim Bower

The Church: Pilgrim of the Centuries, by Thomas Molnar (Eerdmans, 182 pp., $15.95)

Philosophical Grounds, by Thomas Molnar (Peter Lang, 154 pp., $32.95)

FOR nearly four decades, Thomas Molnar has been writing the kind of social and philosophical analysis more common to European thinkers—particularly the French—than Americans. In fact, he very much resembles Georges Bernanos, with a sober Hungarian overlay. His approach to contemporary problems is never merely pragmatic, but always addresses itself to profound, perennial questions. These two volumes—one on the current valences of key philosophical themes, the other on the prospects of the Catholic Church—are substantial additions to an already rich *œuvre.*

In *Philosophical Grounds*, Molnar outlines some of the foundational concepts of all human thought, showing how they are transmuted—while persisting—across human history. These "grounds" are not merely idle speculations, says Molnar, because our responses to such issues have immediate and large-scale consequences. For example, a Buddhist who regards the entire world as illusion and seeks liberation in an empty transcendence will not be much concerned for individual and social liberties in this world. Similarly, a materialist who denies free will in favor of a chain of mechanical causes will not be able to account for many components of human life. Even to conceive of this world as real and good and shapable by our wills requires some notion like the Judaeo-Christian doctrine of creation.

One reason the modern West is so disoriented is precisely its loss of a vital equilibrium between the transcendent and the immanent, says

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Molnar. Healthy societies, in this view, posit a kind of heavenly original reflected in an earthly replica. Communities then recognize themselves as subordinate to and linked with a sacred realm. When the sacred pole is suppressed, however, "The laws are felt to be arbitrary, the citizen's loyalty becomes brittle, mere subjective ambitions and individual interests prevail." Modern communities are thus founded on contract, says Molnar, which means mere will.

Multiculturalists are forever telling us that we have much to learn from other civilizations. In a sense, this is true. But, as Molnar points out, what we will mostly learn from them is that they do not believe in human history as it is understood in the West. For most cultures, time is cyclic. Individual acts count for little. Events cannot have the rich contingency and unrepeatable significance that they have in a culture informed by Biblical ideas of unidimensional time. Classical Western "modes of thought" are not limitations, but rather liberations from fixed archaic patterns.

Much of the above was lost sight of in the West's overemphasis on material progress in the last few centuries. In fact, says Molnar, "history" was transmuted into "progress," a secular substitute for the sacred story. This ideology assumed that each age is by definition superior to previous ones. In science, this is generally true, but human life is not merely science, and the disasters of the twentieth century have cast doubt on the unholy alliance between technologies and utopias in the modern world.

A major consequence of the widespread suppression of the transcendent model and its historical replica has been the emergence of what Molnar calls "Nocturnal Man." In Kafka, Rimbaud, Poe, Nietzsche, Camus, Beckett, Borges, and others the human ego, isolated in an alien world, seeks something that modern rationalism does not allow to exist. Hence the proliferation of self-referential theories of language, empty concepts of "play," and groundless literary fantasy. Molnar sees these as last gasps of a strict secularity that eventually must jump the divide back to the sacred again.

For Molnar, the fullest expression of the combined transcendent, immanent, and historical has been the

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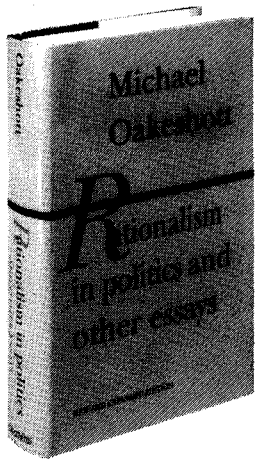

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Roman Catholic Church. In the past, the Church has been the institution most resistant to the acids of modernity. Recently, however, that has changed. Many observers have catalogued the disorder of the Church since the Second Vatican Council, and Molnar joins them in pointing out several misplaced hopes.

Molnar criticizes Left and Right in the modern Church, both of which he sees as deviations from sacralized conceptions of society. Liberation theologians are dismissed along with other socialists, but so are Richard John Neuhaus and Michael Novak. Somewhat inaccurately, Molnar thinks Neuhaus judges the current Church as strong enough to take advantage of the "Catholic Moment." Novak promotes contractual models of society that Molnar deplores. In any case, he views the various wings in the Church as accommodations to modernity in the form either of civil society or of socialism: "To many of our contemporaries this seemed a reasonable objective, just as it seemed reasonable a few hundred years ago to loyal partisans of kings and emperors that the Church should espouse the monarch's cause."

The most speculative part of Molnar's analysis lies here, in his view of how the modern Church, state, and civil society relate. The Church, he says, is always dealing with two problems: how to preserve doctrinal purity and evangelize the world, and how to forge tentative worldly alliances to further her main mission.

Church and state in pre-modern times were both allies and competitors, but at least they shared a vision of the common good and the need for supervision of public affairs. By contrast, civil society—"a definitely harsher master than the state," writes Molnar—has come to dominate modern democratic systems, marginalizing both the secular arm and the religious, except as they fit into the established program of secularization.

This analysis obviously defies modern American assumptions that a commercial republic draws off many of the political and spiritual passions that troubled so much of the past. Molnar's thesis also runs against the tradition of modern Catholic social teaching, which has increasingly shown suspicion of state power and defended subsidiary institutions. While the Vatican still speaks of the common good, it does not recommend a reforging of the alliance between throne and altar. Molnar sees this and many other recent Catholic concessions to civil society as having leached out much of the spiritual majesty of the Church.

His analysis accounts for a great deal in contemporary America, but the situation is not quite as desperate as he thinks. The conservative religious bodies—Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish—continue to grow, while the more accommodationist groups decline. For all its tendencies to dispersion, civil society plays a crucial role in moderating the claims of God and Caesar. We can hardly imagine—neither can Molnar—what kind of church–state–society complex would replace ours. Our primary task is a better recalibration among the three elements. In that work, Molnar reminds us that the sacred, beyond its intrinsic value, is a prerequisite to good government and a sound society—a lesson we have yet to grasp. □

RIGHT BOOKS

■ THE VICTIM MYTH. Every immigrant group arriving in America has struggled to escape the lower tiers of the economic ladder. The Hispanic population is currently making progress in this regard, notwithstanding assertions by a vocal Hispanic minority that their group suffers from discrimination, and even though a relatively small number of Hispanics graduate from college or become eligible to vote. In *Out of the Barrio: Toward a New Politics of Hispanic Assimilation* (Basic Books, $23, 208 pp.), Linda Chavez offers a fresh perspective on the attitudes of this fastest growing segment of the population.

Mrs. Chavez contrasts the history of Hispanic Americans with that of black Americans. Blacks, she reminds us, were forcibly brought to this country and faced real adversity and discrimination. Hispanics, on the other hand, have come here in search of a better life, and have faced the same levels of discrimination faced by virtually all other immigrant groups during the height of their settlement. She puts it bluntly: "Hundreds of thousands of Latin immigrants come to the United States each year to work—not to collect welfare payments or unemployment, not to participate in affirmative action programs . . ."

Tracing the history of the minorities-as-victims movement in America, Mrs. Chavez points out that campus-based groups such as the Mexican American Political Association and La Raza Unida emerged during the 1960s, decrying the exclusivity of "Anglo society." And, in the spirit of the day, they began calling for equality of outcome in the market, education, and politics, rather than for equal opportunity.

The rights groups scarcely had a case, according to Mrs. Chavez. Hispanics were well represented in state politics, and Henry Gonzalez and Kika de la Garza were both members of Congress, refuting the argument that Hispanics were excluded from the political process. Calls for proportional representation were designed to leave the majority of Hispanics beholden to the vocal minority that correlates ethnicity and victimization.

This minority's power is founded in its ability to secure entitlements for Hispanics as a group. Mrs. Chavez laments: "Spanish posters urge Hispanics to vote because it will mean more and better jobs and social programs, but I've never seen one that mentions good citizenship." Earlier immigrant groups, she points out, participated in politics as part of their assimilation process; the more American they became, the less politically predictable they were. Thus we end up with Mario Cuomo and Alfonse D'Amato, both Italians from New York, sitting at opposite poles of the ideological spectrum, representing constituencies far broader than the Italian community.

Mrs. Chavez, a former U.S. Treasurer and Republican Senate candidate, is forthright in reporting that some Hispanic groups are adjusting better to American life than others. (She has a section about the continued difficulties of the Puerto Ricans.) In general, however, she believes the success of Hispanics in American life will continue as long as radicals are not successful in fomenting hostilities between natives and immigrants.

—ALLEN RANDOLPH

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Pâté: A Conservative Manifesto

DIGBY ANDERSON

FRENCH pâté, in any proper household, is served on a serving dish. Everyone helps himself, perhaps several times. At the Stephensons', the other night, Christine had cut each person a mean and equal slice and put it on the plate. George, who eats like a horse, got the same size piece as Pat, who hardly eats at all. Why does Christine operate this coercive egalitarianism? Why indeed this "command economy," with her dishing out the shares?

Each piece of pâté she surrounded with two leaves from one of those dreadful tasteless iceberg lettuces, a slice of cucumber contorted like a Russian gymnast, and a raspberry. The French would serve none of these. You might, there, find a bowl of olives or possibly the odd tiny gherkin. They would serve good bread (white, not lesbians' bread with straw in). Christine served cheese biscuits immediately from a packet and more distantly from a factory. Does she imagine she knows better than the Frogs what to serve with pâté? Perhaps she subscribes to that increasingly widespread and repellent cultural relativism which says that any culture is as good as any other, you know, black Africans had a Renaissance which outshone the West's, it's just that the West has obliterated it with colonialism. Does Christine think she knows better than French tradition?

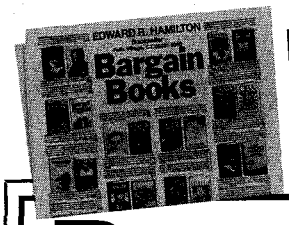
It doesn't much matter about the mean portions anyway since her pâté was horrid, or rather boring. It was the same pâté we'd had at the Wrights last week, presumably because she went to the same shop to buy it. Frogs can find an enormous variety of pâtés in local charcuteries: the British and Americans can't. Therefore, if they care about high standards and are well mannered enough not to invite guests to boring food, they make their own pâté.

No, I'm not going to give you a recipe. Any one of a hundred standard cookery books has one. That is not the reason Christine did not bother to make her own. She and her kind have lots of cookery books—most with colorful pictures of castles, peasants, media chefs, and markets with bright purple eggplants—though from the clean state of them, most are unused. You can tell used cookery books: they have blood on the corners of the pages, brilliant saffron stains on the cover, and fish scales stuck in the spine, and the binding is falling off where it got soaked in *sauce soubise*.

However, it is relevant to point out that making pâté is not that difficult. Leaving aside the ones with grand ingredients (goose liver or truffles) and the ones *en croûte*, it's simply equal parts of lean meat—pork, duck, rabbit, hare, etc.—and of pork fat (some back fat, some soft fat), both chopped or ground up, mixed with garlic, herbs, egg, and alcohol, then cooked in a dish in another dish of water (a bain-marie) for an hour or two till it's done. The variations come by changing the meats, using different alcohols (brandy, *eau-de-vie de prunes*, Madeira, red wine, etc.), and chopping the meats more or less fine. Once you have practiced, it's a half hour's chopping and mixing. So the reason Christine has not provided her guests with a decent pâté is simply that she is too lazy to spend the trouble buying the ingredients and begrudges the half hour's work.

Perhaps she prefers to do something else, indulging herself rather than serving the best interests of her guests. If we are gracious, we must own that perhaps she is nervous. But then practice and habit can vanquish novelty and nerves, so all that means is she is too lazy to practice. Anyway, Christine is no spring chicken. At 45 she's had years to practice. Any woman who is not turning out a range of good pâtés by the time she is 25 should ask herself whether she was serious about her marriage vows.

Mr. Anderson is a food columnist for The Spectator *(London), and the author of* The Spectator Book of Imperative Cooking.



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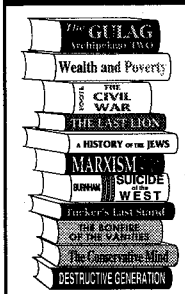

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Do you begin to get the point? Not quite? Then let me tell you that Christine and Bill Stephenson are a respectable and charming *conservative* couple. He is a pillar of the business community. They have two well educated girls. They believe in patriotism, personal responsibility, manners, excellence, tradition, good habits—until they get in the kitchen. Somehow there they think you can get away with second best, you can put your own ideas ahead of the great traditions, you can conceal the inadequate by dressing it up, you can do things without practice and commitment. You may legitimately inflict on your guests boring pâté with raspberries.

It is not so. The effect of laziness, sloppy standards, cultural relativism, and the other garbage of "progress" is as damaging in the kitchen as in business or national life. This "progressive" cooking is also the work of most cookery writers who collude in the subversion of standards by telling their readers how they can get away with the least effort, how they can substitute this ingredient for that if they feel like it, how they can construct meals which will leave them free to gossip with guests rather those most enjoyable for the guests. But it is time for the counter-revolution. This column will be about cooking to conservative principles. □

FILM

Aimez-Vous Aymé?

JOHN SIMON

MARCEL AYME (1902–1967) may not have been one of the greatest French writers of this century, but he certainly was one of the most diverse, most prolific, and most charming. He wrote in every genre from fiction to poetry, essay to children's fantasy, drama to journalism. Some of his novels, stories, and plays are very near top-grade, and there was always, even in his harshest works, a lightness of touch, a floating irony that was Aymé's hallmark, and very probably one reason for his not being more widely appreciated. The other was that, though never an actual Nazi or Pétainist, Aymé did contribute to some Vichy journals during the Occupation, and was friends with such fascist writers as Céline and the very gifted Robert Brasillach, the only major talent executed after the war, despite efforts by Aymé and others to save him.

Aymé was never even tried after the Liberation, which suggests that the case against him could not have been strong. As for his strong talent, it can be approximately described as lying at the juncture of Jean Anouilh and Colette, if those two could be said to intersect. Aymé had the discrimination to reject membership in the French Academy, and the courage to publish

Alan Nahigian

as early as 1948 a novel, *Uranus*, whose subject is the question of guilt and innocence during the Occupation. It is an ironic assessment of the self-righteous meting out of "justice" by people who, under the best of circumstances, would not have been qualified to cast stones, but who under the worst ones, in 1945 France, used the cloak of justice to hide a cloaca of the basest motives.

Claude Berri's movie version of ***Uranus***, written with his sister, Arlette Langmann, is, on the whole, a faithful adaptation, departing from the novel in only two major ways. It does not go into the most bestial horrors perpetrated on the collaborators, and it does not get inside the collaborator Maxime Loin, around whom the story revolves. Aymé neither justifies nor excuses him, but movingly explains him, thus making a case, not for clemency, but for retribution less extreme than the firing squad. There is also a third, less obvious but even more important, difference: the movie fudges the implication of universal guilt, the omnipresent suggestion that nobody is without taint.

In the small village of Blémont, partly destroyed by *American* bombs (another detail glossed over), people made homeless have been billeted with those whose homes have been spared; the result is not only overcrowding but also grating juxtaposition, where ideologies collide and hatreds flare up. Thus the local factory's chief engineer, Archambaud, who lives with his overripe bourgeoise wife, his pretty but somewhat flighty daughter, Marie-Anne, 18, and his younger son, Pierre, has been saddled with the Gaigneux family. Gaigneux is a lower-level employee of the same factory, the village's leading Communist, and has a pugnacious wife as well as a band of small, squalling brats. Gaigneux, like most men, hankers for Marie-Anne, and tries to keep peace between his defiant wife and sniffy Mme. Archambaud, who have turned the shared kitchen into a battleground. Also assigned to the apartment is the merry widower Watrin, the high-school lit. teacher (in the book, it's math), an incurable optimist who insists on perceiving the world as beautiful, and man as the fairest thing in it, his evil deeds only "less good"—even the concentration camps merely "pranks and turbulences."

If Watrin is a Pangloss, he is nevertheless no fool. He accuses other people, justly but ever so gently, of the useful flaw of hypocrisy, and loves rain almost as much as sunshine as he glories in a world that includes the wonder of dragonflies and elephants. His glorying, though, is hard-earned. At 11:15 on the night of the bombardment, he had been reading a book on astronomy, and had just reached a passage about "the dark, icy planet Uranus" when all hell broke loose. He managed to sleep through some of it, but woke up in the morning in a house reduced to rubble except for a bit of second-story floor on which his bed miraculously survived. Since

Mr. Simon, NR's film critic, is also theater critic for New York *magazine.*

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then, every night at 11:15, he must, with "the infinitesimal light" of his being, fight Uranus, this "crushing mass of blackness and negativity, of desolation and despair." And every morning he wakes to renewed joy and confidence.

One dark night the collaborationist Maxime Loin, hunted everywhere, sprouts up before the rather ordinary Archambaud and begs for asylum—life. Archambaud takes him into the three rooms left to him, though he doesn't like him, and makes him share the bed of son Pierre, who detests him. The danger of discovery by the Gaigneux, and other Communists who keep calling on them, is great. Meanwhile an innocent party gets into trouble because of Loin: Léopold, the owner of a popular local café. He is a former strongman and current alcoholic, whom we see in a very Gallicly bittersweet scene reproaching his wife, Andréa, for getting old and ugly, while he, thanks to his modest daily ration of 12 litres of white wine and the discovery of poetry, has stayed young. For, the village school having been razed in the bombing, classes have been reassigned to cafés during their off hours. From behind the bar, Léopold has listened to Watrin teaching such masterpieces as *Andromaque*, and feels another Racine stirring inside himself. He stumbles on an accidental Alexandrine in his utterance—a perfectly ludicrous one that he thinks magnificent—and forthwith, working out the scansion on his fingers, finds himself in dogged pursuit of a rhyming second. Eventually, he hopes to have ten, thirty, fifty, and then . . .

Because he throws a misbehaving little Communist, Rochard, out of his café, the fellow, a railroadman and prime witch-hunter, denounces Léopold, claiming to have seen Loin skulking about the premises. Léopold seeks out Rochard in his habitat, roughs him up, and, oddly, turns him into his slave. Later (in a scene not in the book), using information extracted from Rochard, he goes to the house of Monglat, the billionaire war profiteer, whose wealth guarantees impunity, to help keep him, Léopold, out of jail. Monglat, a marvelous creation, glides smoothly between slimy pathos and harrowing menace. At the last minute of the war, he pressed his dopey son, Michel, into the Resistance to help

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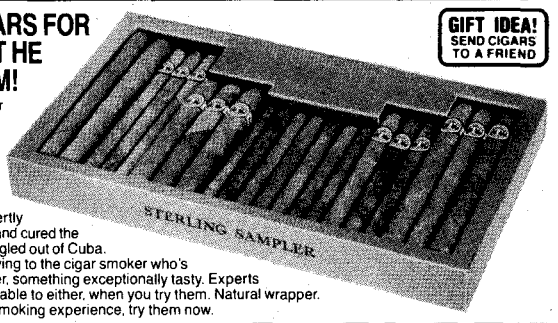

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keep their arses covered; now Michel is the lover of Marie-Anne Archambaud, who is both drawn to his healthy vulgarity (and vulgar wealth) and slightly repelled. Monglat makes vague promises of help, but when Léopold threatens to denounce the enormousness of the wine merchant's ill-gotten gains (he knows because, in a very limited way, Monglat let him in on his deals), Monglat merely reminds Léopold that it was thanks to him that he, too, thrived under the Nazis.

When the well liked and falsely accused Léopold is led off to jail—denunciations by Communists carry particular weight—the local Party is embarrassed. That hothead Rochard will have made asses of more than himself. Gaigneux is for expelling him, but he is defended by Jourdan, the story's most complex and distressing character. A 27-year-old classics teacher and intellectual from a well-heeled petit-bourgeois family, Jourdan is a passionate renegade, a vest-pocket Robespierre, but a physical coward and mother's boy, who keeps writing *maman* detailed letters about his Communist activities. (The film doesn't quite do justice to this last, absurd aspect.) Gaigneux, the leftist of humble origins and practical concerns, must bow before the windy ideologue Jourdan.

The interactions of all these characters and a few lesser ones are the action of *Uranus*, which I won't go into. There is, granted, much talk in the movie, but it is not boring, even though it forfeits some of the richness and pungency of the book's dialogue. Claude Berri, who began as a mediocre, if not downright poor, director, has improved over the years; his *Jean de Florette* and *Manon of the Spring* were respectable efforts. With *Uranus*, he goes up another notch or two. But then, it would be hard not to with material this good, especially if you cast in it just about every major French movie actor going.

As Léopold, Gérard Depardieu is a bit of a problem. He is too young for this "Racinian gorilla," as Aymé describes him, and, unlike his colleagues, overacts even beyond what this seemingly ham-proof part can take. Moreover, he looks a bit too dashing for a man whose homeliness is part of his pathos. But Depardieu is to the French cinema what the Statue of Liberty is to New York: like it or dislike it, it is there. And Depardieu does know how to play a line such as the one to his lawyer, who visits him in jail: "Poetry is my thing. Give me some verse and my ration of white wine, and I'll stay in jail all my life. . . . Wretched business to have to say it, Monsieur Mégrin, but I'm forced to admit: white wine comes even ahead of poetry."

The others, however, are sublime. Philippe Noiret makes Watrin adorable without making him cute; let him say the most outlandish things with that benignly droopy tapir's face of his, that insinuating voice full of mellow ritardandos, and you believe, nay, you *feel* every syllable. Jean-Pierre Marielle is a wonderful Archambaud, a plain, practical man with a plain, practical face, but in whom finer things bubble up from time to time, only to let him, soon enough, sink back into the quotidian. As Gaigneux, Michel Blanc offers another of his zesty little guys, unsightly but soulful; a redoubtable Communist, but not without his small vulnerabilities. As Monglat, Michel Galabru is magisterially chilling precisely because his evil is wormlike one moment, dragonish the next—a dread metamorphosis in the twinkling of an eye.

As Loin, Gérard Desarthe is not given much to work with by the script, but does manage to look hunted, humbled, hungry second to none. Florence Darel is the ideal Marie-Anne: like her name, she is an archetype of the French girl with her high forehead and somewhat angular face: coolly pretty, and as willful as she is lyrical. Most astounding, perhaps, is the Jourdan of Fabrice Lucchini: you feel the wetness behind his ears as well as the ooziness of his entire being; yet there is pure, angelic fanaticism darting out of those watery eyes.

There are indelible supporting performances by older actresses, notably the controlledly moving Andréa of Josiane Lévêque. Everyone and everything is captured faithfully by Renato Berta's camera, which, less bent on beauty than in previous outings, makes nature look rapturous enough, but concentrates on the ruins all around and the cluttered interiors with an aptly sober-to-somber palette. It must finally dawn on the most casual spectator that the earth is threatened every night at 11:15 by the monstrous mass of Uranus, by coldness and inhumanity. And that only the inconspicuous, irrationally hopeful Watrins, sweating in unequal dream combat, can stave that obliterating weight off our imperiled bones. □

ENGLAND

(Continued from page 37)

BCCI–Clifford connection replacing the Noriega–CIA–Bush one. To be sure, Kerry and Blum violated bipartisan protocol by failing to inform Republican committee members and staff that they had uncovered this second front. Eric Felton reports in the September 9, 1991, *Insight* that, when deposing Awan on September 30, 1988, Blum avoided mentioning Clifford, First American, or the warning to flee the country—even though he was aware that Awan could give testimony damning Clifford.

In short, Kerry chased every Republican will-o'-the-wisp, but only stumbled over BCCI. And when a continued investigation threatened his *own* party, he began to go slow. This would explain his readiness to drop an investigation that he had originally hoped would make his name, just when it was finally on point of coming up with the goods.

But there is also evidence that the fall of BCCI would have hurt Kerry's career directly. Clark Clifford, Robert Altman, and another law partner donated $4,000 to Senator Kerry and $1,000 to Senator Pell in early 1989—long after Clifford visited Kerry as BCCI's lawyer-lobbyist, long after Kerry had heard of the secret links between Clifford and BCCI. *Insight*'s Eric Felton makes the additional point that Senator Kerry's impropriety—receiving a donation from someone under suspicion in his own investigating—cannot be put down to botched staff communications: Kerry met Clifford at the fundraising party Pamela Harriman threw to kick off his 1989–90 re-election campaign, so he was presumably alerted to the possibility of a contribution.

Moreover, for the 1987–88 election cycle Kerry served as Chairman of the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee (DSCC), the Senate Democrats' very own political-action committee. In that capacity, he appointed David L. Paul, the head of CenTrust, a high-flying Florida savings and loan, as head of the DSCC's Majority

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Trust—the private-sector "partner" who could deliver the money.

CenTrust was closed by federal regulators in early 1990 at a cost to taxpayers of over $2 billion. That is bad enough. But it has now been established that BCCI had a tentacle in CenTrust: Ghaith Pharaon, the Saudi who had already served as a front man when BCCI acquired The National Bank of Georgia (later to become First American) from Bert Lance, Jimmy Carter's budget director. The Federal Reserve cited three major reasons for the record $200-million fine it levied against BCCI this year. One was the illegal takeover of First American, but two were related to CenTrust.

The Fed noted BCCI's hidden ownership, through Pharaon, of at least 5 per cent of CenTrust stock as of April 14, 1989. BCCI apparently wanted control of a Miami bank to expand its money-laundering operations. First American was not well located for that purpose. According to a subsequent, limited investigation of the BCCI–CenTrust connection by James G. Phillips for Senator Orrin Hatch (R., Utah), by the time federal regulators shut CenTrust's doors in 1990, BCCI had acquired at least 28 per cent of its stock—which constitutes legal control under federal law. Senator Howard Metzenbaum (D., Ohio), who has apparently declined to hold hearings on the Hatch report, received a $1,000 donation from CenTrust in 1987.

The Fed's second charge concerned BCCI's illegal "parking" of some $25 million in CenTrust bonds in mid 1988. Pharaon had petitioned regulators to keep CenTrust open; they agreed on condition that the thrift immediately beef up its vanishing capital base with a $200-million issue of subordinated debentures. CenTrust moved quickly, but succeeded in selling only $150 million, including $25 million to BCCI. Two months later, CenTrust bought the bonds back from BCCI at par value. It also bought back the other investors' $125 million in bonds; the other investors, however, got only 62 cents on the dollar. The Federal Reserve determined that the $25 million was merely "parked" at CenTrust long enough to fool the regulators.

Indeed, CenTrust, BCCI, and the Democrats seem to have been one big, happy family. CenTrust donated hun-

(Continues on page 51)

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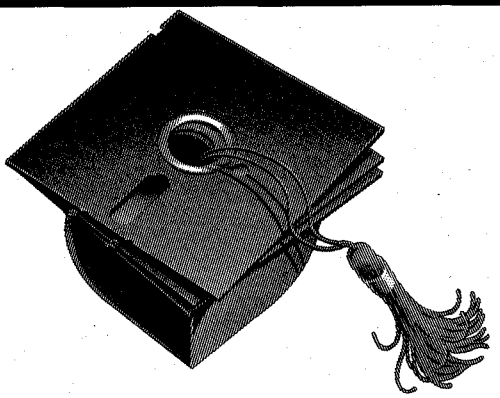

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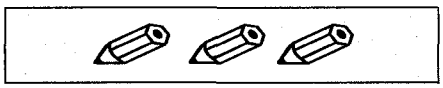

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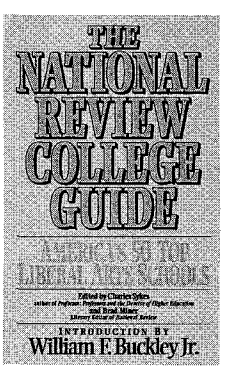

ENGLAND

(Continued from page 49)

dreds of thousands of dollars to Democrats in PAC money alone. In addition, I have discovered that the "non-political" CenTrust Foundation also poured cash into Democratic coffers, including $100,000 to the now notorious (Jimmy) Carter Center (of which $50,000 came from Pharaon and was merely laundered through CenTrust) and $25,000 in 1989 to Senator Alan Cranston's Center for Participation in Democracy, also the prime beneficiary of Cranston's friendship with Charles Keating. Beginning in January 1989, CenTrust also paid $48,000 to DSCC finance chairman Steven Wilson under the heading "overcoming regulatory issues" with federal bank investigators. In January 1989, Wilson donated $1,000 to Senator Kerry.

David Paul was personally very much involved in this largesse. He threw fundraisers for the Democrats on his thrift's $7-million yacht. He gave them free rides on his corporate jet. And, in an event extraordinary even for what Democrats call the Decade of Greed, he invited Senators John Kerry and Wyche Fowler (a Georgia Democrat and another friend of CenTrust) to his December 1988 French Chefs gala dinner, for which six chefs were flown in from Paris to provide a feast costing $123,000—all expenses paid by CenTrust.

So, as a senator running for re-election, John Kerry received donations directly from Clark Clifford, who was a BCCI attorney and former chairman of a bank secretly and illegally owned by BCCI. As chairman of the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee, he raised funds in close cooperation with David Paul, whose thrift was deeply enmeshed with BCCI. As a subcommittee chairman, Kerry proved dilatory in following up indications that BCCI was an international rogue.

"It becomes terribly painful for senators to go after these guys who gave them all the money," says Jack Blum. Later they may be faced with the choice of "doing nothing or doing something to upset a major funding source." In the end, "all too often it becomes too easy to do nothing."

Senator Kerry is an extremely lucky man. If he were a Republican, all this might amount to a scandal. □

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TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney

1 L	2 A		3 O	4 D	5 V	6 G	7 B	8 H		9 Q		10 L	11 F	12 C	13 I	14 M	15 T	16 E	17 B	18 R
	19 K	20 G	21 O	22 Y	23 D	24 J	25 U	26 L	27 F	28 C	29 W		30 H	31 N	32 I		33 A	34 Q	35 G	36 F
37 Y	38 O	39 J		40 E	41 C	42 B		43 T	44 L	45 A	46 I	47 F	48 D	49 M	50 Y	51 S	52 R		53 L	54 V
	55 G	56 A	57 D		58 S	59 C	60 B	61 J	62 M	63 E	64 P	65 O	66 H	67 Y		68 L	69 K	70 D	71 N	72 E
	73 I	74 O	75 U	76 B	77 K	78 X	79 R	80 A	81 W	82 M		83 O	84 B	85 I	86 Q	87 X	88 N	89 F	90 M	91 D
92 J		93 E	94 K	95 D	96 L	97 X	98 C		99 U	100L	101I		102Q	103T	104K	105A		106E	107L	108X
109B	110N	111Y	112Q	113H		114A	115J	116K	117G	118D		119P	120H	121B	122C		123O	124Y	125S	126G
	127H	128U	129O	130V	131F		132Q	133C	134D	135S	136E		137R	138L	139S	140C		141L	142A	143W
144T	145H	146O		147C	148Q		149G	150V	151K	152D	153I	154Y		155I	156H		157X	158G	159L	
160L	161S	162N	163D	164G	165E	166K		167H	168P	169S	170F	171R	172M	173O	174C	175A	176W		177Y	178B
179K	180R		181U	182G	183P		184E	185N		186L	187J	188D	189X	190J		191F	192B	193W	194T	

DEFINITIONS

A. Children's game — 142 175 33 45 80 2 105 114 56

B. Embracing all denominations — 42 109 76 60 178 17 192 7 84 121

C. Like the girl next door? — 28 59 174 98 41 147 133 12 122 140

D. Chilled — 95 57 4 163 23 48 118 70 188 134 91 152

E. Timely Beatles tune — 184 16 136 40 106 63 93 165 72

F. Stevenson running-mate — 131 27 191 89 170 36 11 47

G. Drawn out — 117 6 182 149 55 158 20 164 35 126

H. Failure — 167 113 30 127 66 145 120 8 156

I. Like the condemned man's days — 85 46 13 155 153 73 101 32

J. Spooky — 24 187 61 92 39 190 115

K. King Arthur's weapon — 179 104 116 69 166 151 77 94 19

L. Goethe's fiend — 26 160 10 100 96 186 1 53 68 138 159 107 44 141

M. Regional twang — 14 172 62 49 82 90

N. Used a seine on the Seine — 31 162 71 110 185 88

O. Presence — 21 65 173 3 123 146 129 38 83 74

P. Fairy queen's tool — 119 64 168 183

Q. Sometime home of Harriet Beecher Stowe — 9 102 86 112 132 148 34

R. Morris the cat, long ago — 180 79 137 18 52 171

S. Thrown out — 135 169 125 51 161 139 58

T. Subordinated to — 144 15 194 103 43

U. Factory — 75 128 181 25 99

V. What improvisers speak off — 130 150 5 54

W. Chekhov, to his friends — 81 176 29 143 193

X. Soup variety — 189 108 97 157 87 78

Y. Permitted — 22 111 67 124 50 177 37 154

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 50 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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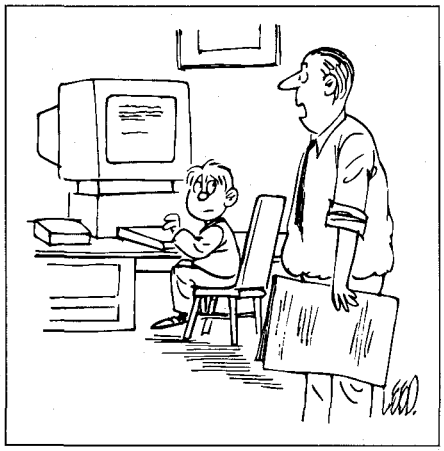
TOWN CRIER

Attention, Class. Notice to those who are 1) active college students looking for an alternative to liberal runamuck teachers, 2) older-but-wiser graduates, or 3) someone just wanting to learn from the best and brightest conservative academics: head to National Review's Town Hall. That's where you'll find the new National Review Institute Studies Program, NR's own university—the Dean is none other than former Education Secretary Bill Bennett—where you can take a variety of courses (on your personal computer) with top-flight conservative professors like Dartmouth's Jeffrey Hart, Claremont's Charles Kesler, and Georgetown's George Carey.

The NRI Studies Program is simply a continuation of NR's 36-year mission of expanding the influence of conservative thought. Now, we've taken the fight directly to the liberals' turf: the campus. Classes for the Studies Program's fall term begin Oct. 15 (registration is through Oct. 30). Town Hall members who wish to register should select NRI Studies Program (to find out more about course descriptions, select NRI and then choose "Administration" and "Course Catalog"). Or send inquiries by e-mail to faculty (CKESLER, GCAREY, and JHART) or to "on-line" education expert Paul Levinson, and they will answer your questions and explain the easy and growing practice of taking college courses via your PC. If you're not yet a Town Hall member (membership is free if you become an NRI student!) call or write NR for more information (and if you want to register for a course, call 800-441-4142).

Opening Day. Town Hall officially opened its doors Sept. 10, and the two Conference Center events that night—"An Evening with NR," featuring Editor John O'Sullivan and Publisher Wick Allison, and "The Thomas Hearings," starring conservative leader L. Brent Bozell III—were standing-room-only smashes. Member Peter Gioia (Jacksonville, Fla.) asked JO'S about the Tory "coup" against Margaret Thatcher, and heard back: "Coup is a strong word, but I naturally thought it was a mistake at the very least, even a tragedy, since, at a time when the world situation is throwing up such great possibilities for freedom everywhere, I think she would have been giving creative conservative leadership." Member Bill Pascoe (Alexandria, Va.) brought up the topic of how conservatives should deal with President Bush. WA handled that one: "We are taking steps . . . to bring the conservative leadership . . . to understand the need for conservatives to take a strong political position at the [1992 GOP] convention and afterwards. We are concerned about the drift of the GOP under Bush and downright scared about [Gov. Pete] Wilson in California and want to lay down some markers now."

Asked by Member Kevin Spainhour (Greensboro, N.C.) how he viewed Clarence Thomas's performance on Day One of his Senate hearings, Brent Bozell, blunt as ever, responded: "I think it was wise for Thomas not to hurl grenades. . . . On the other hand . . . it was a strategic mistake for him to distance himself so forcefully from" Lew Lehrman's now-famed pro-life article. "That gave Biden and Metzenbaum an opening through which to drive a truck." On Thomas's low-key performance, Member Brad Kepley (Fairview, N.C.) was "wondering . . . is CT our man?"—bringing this from Town Hall Managing Editor Jack Fowler "[Thomas] is intelligent enough to know that if he recites the GOP platform to the Judiciary Committee, he's a goner."



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"Believe it or not, when I was your age we solved problems by thinking!"

Thomas Fallout. Member Owen Jones (Aikens, S.C.) reacted to the Thomas conference by posting this message (#403, Sept. 11) in the Town Hall Meeting Place: "What about using Town Hall to generate telegrams of support for Clarence Thomas so he will receive them at the end of today's hearings?" ("Super idea!" responded Member Linda Jackson from Fredericksburg, Va.) Several members agreed, using the Town Hall Post Office's "fax gateway" to send letters to Judiciary Committee Republicans.

Lively Conversation. Dozens of messages on a slew of topics are being posted daily in the Meeting Place. One Town Hall member who works "at a high-powered New York law firm" posted a disturbing message on "the bankruptcy of liberal thought" regarding "the Thomas affair." Following Day One of the Senate hearings, the "Morning Line among the liberals (i.e., everyone)" at his firm "is: Why doesn't the media emphasize [Thomas's] white wife to show what a 'Tom' he is?"

On a lighter note, Town Hall member Mike Deupree (Cedar Rapids, Iowa) had this to say on the "natural law" debate sparked by the Thomas hearings: "In cases of law under the Constitution, Constitution outweighs God. In cases of going to heaven or not, good luck explaining the 9th Amendment to St. Peter."

Tips. Want to send a short message to someone in the Conference Center, one that only that person can see? It's simple: type /s [Membername] [brief message] [RETURN]. . . . Have your group's event posted free on the Town Hall Conservative Calendar: fax the facts to Town Hall Project Director Jeanne Meyer at 212-696-0340. . . . Become a Town Hall member now: to sign up (and take a free tour of Town Hall) by modem dial 800-648-6964.

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Leo Cherne Is Pulling Out

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 4

The juxtaposition isn't the kind of thing that knocks 'em dead at CNN, but it's worth contemplating that at the same time the Soviet empire officially died, Leo Cherne officially retired—as head of the International Rescue Committee. There is no clearer reminder that there is no such thing as a permanent victory, or a permanent defeat. The tribulations of the fissiparous Soviet empire will almost certainly guarantee, at least for the short run, a huge number of refugees. The break-up of Communist-dominated authority in the Soviet Union doesn't mean that the Republics that evolve with independent franchises will respect political rights. We are talking about an area of the world where political liberty hasn't ever existed.

Leo Cherne's International Rescue Committee was founded in 1933, and its mandate was to help those who needed help from persecution "whether of the Left or the Right." The most conspicuous refugees of the Thirties were from Hitler's Germany. For reasons that defy taxonomic sense, Hitler is thought to have been a "rightist," which is an odd designation for the leader of the National Socialist Workers' Party. But never mind, the plight of those who sought relief captured the imagination of a young lawyer, who founded the Research Institute of America and did special projects for every President beginning with FDR, but always kept his hand on the helm of the International Rescue Committee.

It cheers one to reflect on the life of Leo Cherne. My first experience with him persuaded me that he is one of the most combative men ever bred: if he thought he was right about something, he would spend from now until doomsday pressing his view on you.

What he has been eternally right about is the responsibility of those who are free, to help those who are not. There are thousands of ways of doing this, and some are ill advised, as faithful followers of dogmatic Wilsonianism discovered. But it is one thing to decline to get into the internal politics of North Vietnam, another to proceed as though boat people presented no claims on the conscience. On this point Leo Cherne has always been devastating. A very bad person to be around if your conscience is somnolent and you like it that way.

Another thing about Leo Cherne is his sheer gall. For f-i-f-t-y consecutive years, he would stand up in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria, address two thousand businessmen, lawyers, accountants, and politicos, and predict exactly what was going to happen in the 12 months to come. He would begin his annual lectures by reciting the mistakes he had made the year before. He was merciless at his own expense, but could afford to be because his average was an astonishing 80 per cent, which is better than Nostradamus. I introduced him at a couple of these lectures and in 1981 was able to say, "Two years ago, Leo Cherne predicted to this gathering that the Republicans would nominate Mr. Bush or Mr. Ford, but he conceded that Mr. Reagan was progressively perceived as a moderate. During that period I was predicting that Mr. Reagan would be nominated if he succeeded in rejecting the image of himself as a moderate." Cherne loved that kind of stuff.

A biographer of this extraordinary man is going to be discouraged by an area of his activity that is very much behind closed doors. For several years he was the chairman of the President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board. It is infuriatingly difficult to find out about the Board's activities; but professionals about town were able to discover, during some critical years in the Seventies in particular, that this organization, whose principal responsibility was to assess the work done by the CIA and the National Security Council, came up with evidence of momentous implications, which several times had the effect of reorienting American foreign policy. Jimmy Carter more or less disbanded the organization, and its subsequent rebirth was anemic, in comparison to the lusty organization headed by Leo Cherne. It must have been hell for him, at those Waldorf-Astoria conferences, predicting this or that, depending on whether the President was going to be influenced by advice secretly being given to him by the speaker.

Another thing no one will ever know is how many human beings lived, or lived better, or lived free rather than enslaved, because of Cherne's activities. If they could all vote, Cherne would be the First Citizen of the World. □

Feeding The Russians

NEW YORK, AUGUST 30

Concerning agricultural aid to the Soviet Union, a few observations:

1. Humanitarian aid, Yes?/No?, should be answered affirmatively. The most obvious reason is that the overwhelming majority of the people of the USSR are themselves victims of the Communist system. When Mr. Reagan said as much about the Germans at Bitburg he was criticized, but not with discrimination. When a country is at war, the morale of its citizens tends to be that of men-on-the-march, and many people who hated Hitler (and Stalin) died defending them. There is no way in which, sending over parcels of food, we can distinguish between oppressors and victims, and we should avoid the risk of slighting the victims.

2. It is dismaying to hear Congressman Les Aspin suggest that we deduct $1 billion from our defense budget and send a billion dollars' worth of food over to the Soviet people. If that billion dollars is not needed in the defense budget, it ought not to have been appropriated. If it did not need to be appropriated, it should be returned to the little pool ($380 billion) of deficits our congressmen have created. A second objection is that the exchange, which is supposed to represent American philanthropy, represents nothing of the sort under the Aspin rubric. It is a way of winking at the American public and saying, Here is a painless way to accomplish our great act of national charity, and, while we're at it, we can stick it to the military–industrial complex. Demagogic stuff.

3. Britain's John Major makes a seductive point when he asks, as he did at Kennebunkport, Why should the Western powers send relief to a nation 25 per cent of whose budget is devoted to the military? He recognizes of course that the five million or whatever Soviet work-

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ers engaged in making mobile missile parts and other military hardware can't turn around tomorrow and start growing tomatoes. We can reasonably expect a lag between demobilization and a productive allocation of Soviet manpower. During that lag, we do not want starvation.

4. We are wisely reminded that transporting food to the Soviet Union is not exactly the equivalent of feeding hungry people. Last winter $1.5 billion in food was sent over by Western countries, and an estimated one-quarter of it got eaten by poor people. The rest went to black marketeers and the *nomenklatura*. Now, a fundamental reason why there should be a black market in the Soviet Union is that there is an attempt to control prices. The black-market price, in this sense, can be said to be the correct price. However, there is also massive hoarding done by Russians who fear starvation. They need to be reassured that starvation would not result from their maintaining a cupboard less than overflowing.

Accordingly, satisfactory arrangements need to be made, of the kind Herbert Hoover pioneered during the First World War, brilliantly described in George Nash's book, *Herbert Hoover: The Humanitarian, 1914–1917*. We most definitely need a non-Romanov czar to preside over the distribution of the food we have it in mind to send over. This gentleman should not be viewed by the Soviet people as an ideologue, dispatched with the mandate to introduce the Soviet Union into free agriculture. His job should be to exert only as much political and administrative authority as is necessary to see to it that the food is used to relieve tangible distress. Not an easy operation, because there is no way to prevent Mrs. Krukspaya from showing up with empty hands even though her cellar is full of potatoes. Except that Leo Cherne has given us the devastating news that he is retiring, he would be the ideal human being to head up this operation. Perhaps he should be asked to nominate a qualified administrator. □

But Who Is Against Sleaze?

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 6

"What they're doing is engaging in the most disgusting kind of politics in America. These ads are ad hominem character assassinations of the most vicious and reprehensible kind. If this isn't sleaze in politics, I don't know what is."—Ron Brown, Chairman of the Democratic Party, about the Kennedy–Biden–Cranston ad.

I don't suppose this has a chance of getting through to Mr. Brown, but say not the struggle naught availeth.

1. We know from a very recent experience, that of Robert Bork, that Clarence Thomas's technical credentials aren't going to be the primary objects of senatorial focus. If Clarence Thomas were being nominated to act as a concert pianist, you could draw a curtain, and simply listen to the music. It won't take long to conclude that yes he can, or no he can't, handle "The Flight of the Bumblebee" on the piano. Nobody in the whole wide world doubted the technical qualifications of Robert Bork. What the senators didn't particularly like was some of the conclusions he drew. But of course Judge Bork was an appointee of President Ronald Reagan, and Democratic senators aren't supposed to like all the conclusions drawn by a jurist nominated by a Republican.

What to do?

2. What was done was a huge national campaign, substantially spearheaded by People for the American Way. Indeed the originator of the campaign against Bork was—Senator Edward Kennedy. Before Bork even reached the committee room, Senator Kennedy let loose with the most irresponsible speech since Joe McCarthy's concluding that George Marshall was a Communist. Better a Communist than what Teddy suggested Bork was. The famous sentence: "Robert Bork's America is a land in which women would be forced into back-alley abortions, blacks would sit at segregated lunch counters, rogue police could break down citizens' doors in midnight raids, schoolchildren could not be taught about evolution, writers and artists could be censored at the whim of government, and the doors of the federal courts would be shut on the fingers of millions of citizens for whom the judiciary is—and is often the only—protector of the individual rights that are the heart of our democracy."

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3. The next thing America was exposed to was the voice of Gregory Peck in a paid television ad urging the defeat of Bork, in which Peck sounded like Winston Churchill describing what life in Britain would be like under the Nazis.

The denunciations of Bork had a *political* effect. When Senator Howell Heflin of Alabama said he was going to vote against Bork, that signaled the collapse of the nomination. Because Heflin had himself been a judge and was the leader of the Southern senatorial contingent. What was it about Bork that disillusioned Senator Heflin? Nothing that had to do with Bork's intellectual, moral, or judicial fitness. Heflin was simply overcome by the political success of a—to borrow from the vocabulary of Ron Brown—sleazy campaign. Heflin was afraid he would lose the black vote next time around. It was the *public* campaign, not the internal examination within the walls of the Senate, that determined the outcome of the Bork nomination.

4. What Brent Bozell et al. have done is rough stuff, but there is this important distinction between their material and that of People for the American Way. It may be entirely irrelevant to the credentials of Senator Kennedy acting as evaluator of Clarence Thomas, jurist, that he was kicked out of college for cheating, or of Senator Biden that he plagiarized a speech, or of Senator Cranston that he did paid favors for an S&L con man, but it is true that this misbehavior is a part of the public record. What Bozell and company are saying is that any attempt to impute to Clarence Thomas such vices as were systematically imputed to Robert Bork would throw the question of his confirmation into the political arena, and that the conservative group is prepared to fight in the political arena. If a critic with the influence of Senator Kennedy can charge that Bork's nomination threatens resegregated eating facilities, then the other side is going to threaten that the failure to confirm Bork means that American justice will drown at Chappaquiddick.

Rough stuff, I repeat, though not exactly un-American if we remind ourselves of the kinds of things that were said about George Washington (yes, George Washington) and Abraham Lincoln. But what the Bozell group is saying is this: If the future of Thomas is catapulted by the liberals into gutter warfare, we shall need to mobilize our forces accordingly. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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QED

LOGOS has two meanings in Greek: *word* and *reason*. Together they add up to *logic*—except in America, land of post hocky ergo propter hocky, where Occam's Razor wouldn't cut butter.

The professoriat likes to claim, "We teach students *how* to think, not *what* to think." This does not mean studying logic; it means staring at a photograph from *Erskine Caldwell's America* and writing on "what it makes me feel." The average college student's mental rigor is consequently so soft that you can almost hear the squish. He likes Voltaire's "I may not agree with what you say but I will defend to the death your right to say it," but tell him that its premises are masochism and chaos, and he will nod sagely and say, "That's what America's all about."

We have heard so many politicians say, "Let us go forward and put it behind us," that we no longer recognize idiotic statements. The newest bromide, "Whites are no longer prejudiced against blacks as blacks; prejudice is now a matter of class rather than race," ignores the fact that prejudice cannot go from "no longer" to "now" and still be called prejudice. It becomes *post*judice, defined as: "the compliment that common sense pays to experience."

Contesting James J. Kilpatrick's stand that honoring Martin Luther King Jr. with a national holiday puts him on a par with George Washington, an op-ed writer in my local paper argues: "Dr. King has already replaced George Washington on the most widely used individual intelligence test for adults, the Wechsler Revised. There used to be a question on the old test, 'When is Washington's birthday?' That question has been deleted and a new question has been added, 'Who was Martin Luther King Jr.?' "

This is the fallacy, *petitio principii*, or "begging the question," an argument that fails to prove anything because it merely takes for granted what is to be proved: because King has replaced Washington on an IQ test, he should be honored with a national holiday. It is also an example of *ad verecundiam*, or "to the shameful," an appeal to an unsuitable authority, in this case the authors of the IQ test.

Challenging Kilpatrick's suggestion that we wait fifty years until all the FBI files on King become available, the writer argues: "I don't want to have to wait for the 25th anniversary commemorative march on Washington in order to answer my children's question, 'Who was Martin Luther King Jr.?' And I don't want them to wait for fifty years before they can tell their children who Martin Luther King Jr. was."

This is an *ignoratio elenchi*, or "ignorance of the connection," an argument that overlooks the fact that there is no connection between the premise and the conclusion: no one is stopping this man from telling his children anything he likes whenever he likes. It is also an example of *ad misericordiam*, "an appeal to pity."

Feminism's way around logic is *quod erat demonstrandum*—that which was to be demonstrated has been demonstrated, or: It's true because I said so. *Lear's* combines QED with *ad verecundiam*: "But testosterone, the so-called male hormone that's produced in the testes and adrenal glands of men and in the ovaries and adrenals of women, is for *both* sexes the most important hormone in sexual desire. In their book *Human Sexuality*, William H. Masters and Virginia E. Johnson point out that although men produce 12 to 16 times as much testosterone as women, there's no evidence to suggest that women in general have a lower sex drive than does the generality of men." They admit testosterone is the aphrodisiacal hormone, yet they insist the trickle of it meandering through women is as powerful as the rivers of it pouring through men.

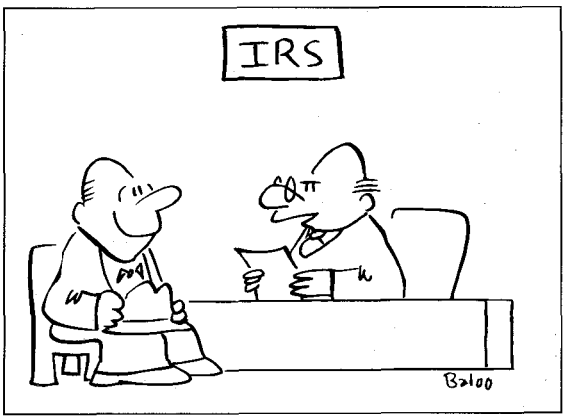
LOGIC has acquired an elitist reputation, but ordinary people used to have bona-fide debates that drew them quite naturally into moral philosophy. Take the "pencil test," which originated in the days when legless World War I veterans sold pencils on the street.

The question: "Should you take the pencil?" sparked rigorous colloquies between people who had never heard of syllogisms or fallacies. One school of thought held that an honorable person gave the veteran a nickel but refused the pencil. The other held that it was more honorable to take the pencil because that made the veteran a businessman instead of a beggar.

Whichever side people took, the argument followed a straight track from veteran to pencil to nickel to benefactor. Today's incessant "dialogues" on ethics get routed onto the spur line of "bad judgment," where the aura of wrongdoing gets uncoupled from the wrongdoing itself.

"Bad judgment" is now the sin of record, morality's scene stealer, standing alone in all its short-circuited glory, with no before and no after, no cause and no effect, no wheat and no chaff. Suggest that bad judgment leads to a decision that leads to an action, and that it is the *action* that constitutes the moral lapse, and you will be nabbed by the Compassion Police. Was your congressman found *in flagrante* with a Doberman on the steps of the Capitol? He's not guilty of bestiality. Bestiality has nothing to do with bestiality, it was just bad judgment, and if you don't agree, you're judgmental.

QED. —FLORENCE KING



"No, I don't *want to make it double or nothing!"*

Miss King is the author most recently of Lump It or Leave It *(St. Martin's).*

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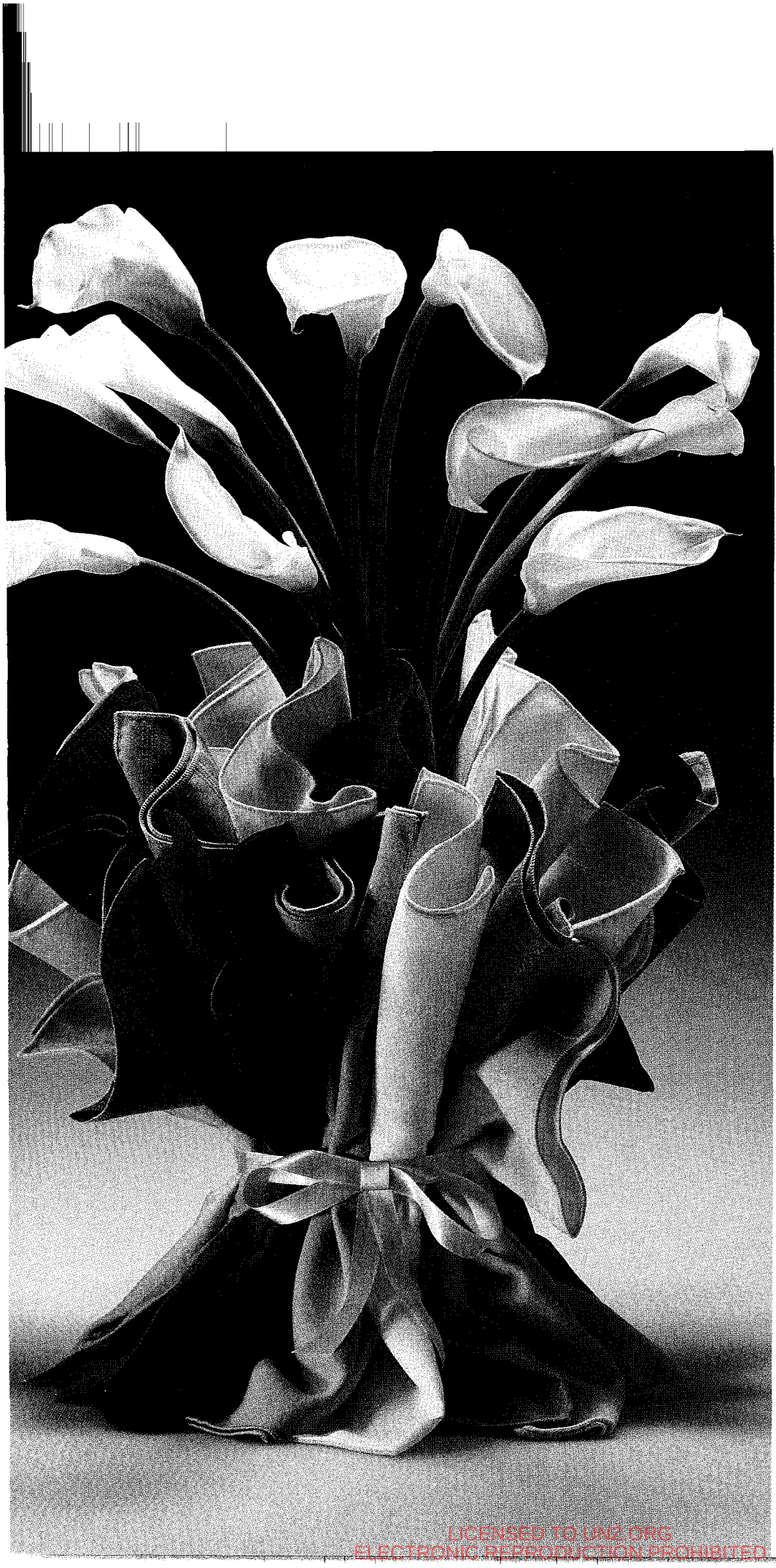

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